No. 2423.—Vol. 94. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES November 2, 1907.

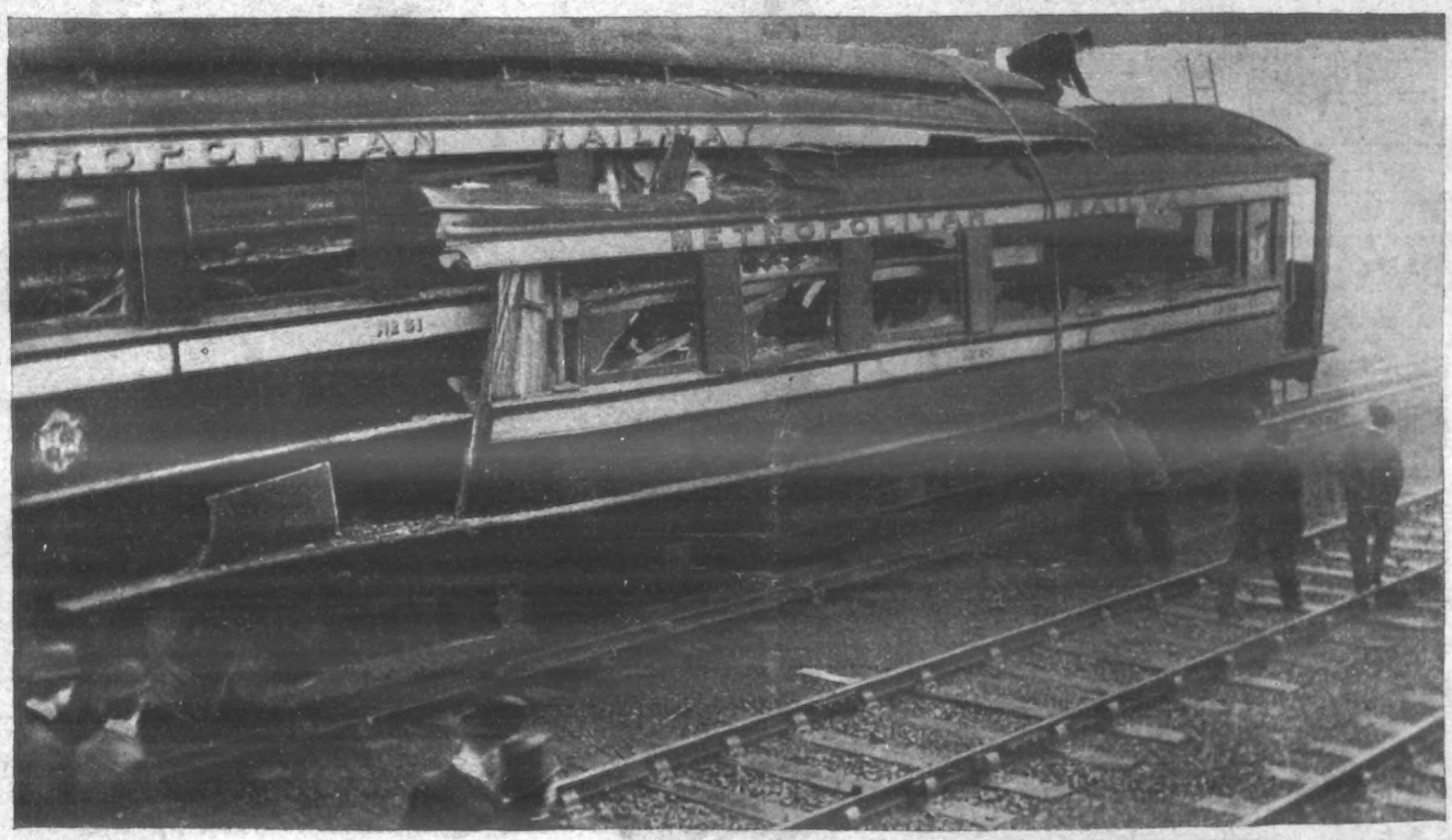
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE BERLIN SCANDAL: THE CHIEF ACTORS IN THE DRAMA.

Herr Harden (smok ng cigarette) talking to his counsel, Herr Bernstein. Herr Harden was accused of publishing gross libels concerning high German officials, but has now been acquitted. The verdict was highly popular.

Frau von Elbe, the divorced wife of Count Moltke, who gave evidence against her former husband.

Count Kuno von Moltke, who brought an action against Herr Harden, and who has had to answer, under cross-examination, charges of a most serious nature.



Photos. Topical.

THE SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

A serious accident, which might, however, have been an even greater calamity, occurred last week on the Metropolitan Railway. Two electric trains collided at West Hampstead station, with the result that three persons were killed and others injured. The smash took place between seven and eight in the morning, when the trains were not crowded, and at a later hour the consequences must have been far more terrible. Our photograph illustrates the great force of the collision, one carriage being jambed right into the other. (For the inquiry see page 275.)

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The Editor to his Friends

MATTERS OF MOMENT.

MY DEAR READERS,—

I MUST really apologise for not writing to you last week, but, believe me, there was so much else to put into the paper that my little effort got crowded out. Of course, I was very annoyed at being unable to throw words about in my usual irresponsible manner, but I must make up for it this week. The fact is, too, that I had quite a good joke to tell you about rain, but I have really quite forgotten it now. Yet the rain is still vivid in my memory, and more than once I seriously thought of wiring the L.C.C. an offer for one of their Thames steamers. By-the-bye, have you heard the rumour that one of them is to try and lower the *Lusitania's* record? I thought not. Then you cannot be aware that the suggested motive power was to be political gas.

Please don't throw things, as editors are not strong.

Speaking of rain always reminds me of a certain type of story. In it the inmates of the cosy sitting-room are all sitting about a roaring fire, while, outside, the rain is beating against the window-pane. An exceptionally original author sometimes speaks of the pattering hail; but he always has to alter it to rain before he can sell his stories. The readers have always been used to rain, and they won't——

Certainly I will write about something else, when I have made one more remark. It is all nice and fine to write as they do, but would they continue to do so if, after going out in brand-new clothes, they were caught in a shower? Have they ever known what it was to have to walk through the streets with their genuine Harris saus — tweeds shrunk about six inches? No! If they had, they would not be on speaking terms with rain, but would treat it with silent contempt.

I think I shall do the same.

Concerning Overcoats.

"Overcoats," said a small boy, "is made of sheep-skins stuck together, the meat part bein' lamb or mutton, accordin' to the truthfulness of the butcher." Our young friend meant well, and his display of innocence is really touching. If anyone asked me to answer the question as to what overcoats are, I should hesitate considerably before answering The matter of material I should leave severely alone, so that it would not be that that would worry me. A few years ago the question would have been easy to answer, but since then times have changed, and so have overcoats.

Years and years ago (this is not a fairy story) mere man sallied out in a cloth covering, and called it an overcoat. Some affected cloth of a plain, modest hue, others flaunted checks of surprising magnitude before the eyes of their neighbours, but they were all much the same shape. A coat was short or long—nothing more. But now there are nearly as many shapes to choose from as people to wear them. Man appears to have suddenly realised that he is something just as beautiful as the average woman, and so he creases his trousers, has his hair ironed flat, or curled, as the fancy takes him, wears ornamental tops to his boots, and wears somebody's "Perfect Picture" coat.

I can hear my women readers calling him "A conceited thing!" Perhaps. But may I ask them why they wear dabs of lace, splashes of silk, and the draper alone knows what else, unless it is to add to their natural charms? I know that it is because they are firmly convinced that it makes them appear more attractive, just as there are men who wear upturned moustaches and cheerfully hand over shillings every time a 'cute beggar calls them Colonel. Silly—of course, yet it serves a good purpose. A slovenly man generally has a slovenly mind, and a neatly-dressed man may often be judged by his clothes. He is methodical, pains taking. This is obvious when one considers the framework on which some men have to build a fairly presentable whole.

Mind you, I am not advocating the present-day eccentricity in dress. There is too much of it, just as there is too much overcoat shoulder supplied to the anæmic-looking young man, whose real chest measurement is twenty-seven after a long breath. There are overcoats being worn just now that are awful enough to unnerve the driver of a mo'-bus. The parents of the wearers should really take their erring sons into a back room, and gently but firmly implant a lesson on—I should say in—their minds. It would not be difficult, for the overcoats hide a multitude of weaknesses. Oh, those padded chests and shoulders cut on the "square" principle!

A Matter of Moment.

Speaking seriously, my readers, have you noticed that we are starting a fresh series of stories next week? I had thought of running a serial, but, having had requests that each story shall be complete in itself, I am commencing "The Skeleton-Cupboard" series next week. I may point out, however, for the benefit of those readers who like serials, that these stories are connected, and all concern the adventures of one man, Brandon Barr, a Society lawyer. The nature of the stories is, I think, fully explained by the title. There is a skeleton in every cupboard, especially in the cupboards of people born in high places, but often they are so well hidden, the door of the closet is kept so closely locked and barred, that the existence of the skeleton is known only to its family—and their lawyer. It is stories of this kind, of love and intrigue, of blackmail and fraud, of great scandals that would have rocked Emperors on their thrones, that will be related in "The Skeleton Cupboard." Many of them are fact, and the truth of them has never been published before, and though it has been found necessary to alter the names of the actors in the dramas, our readers will easily be able to furnish the real names of most of them. They are names familiar to every man and woman who reads the papers with an intelligent interest.

There is another thing that I should like to impress upon you who will, I hope, read and enjoy the stories released by Mr. Henry T. Johnson from "The Skeleton Cupboard"; and that is that, despite the exciting nature of the incidents in some of the stories, they will be perfectly clean. They will be tales that your young sons and daughters might read without absorbing harmful ideas from them. There are plenty of sex-problem stories, and worse, on the market, and *P.I.P.* is not going to add to their number while I am Editor of it. It has always been my idea to give you a decent family paper, and I trust that I have succeeded. There are many people in this world who revel in stories that should never be allowed in print, but I am glad to say that I do not think we number any of these amongst our readers.

In short, my friends, I want you to read "The Skeleton-Cupboard" stories, for I think them good, and I am pretty sure that you will say the same when you have read them.

A Kings' Club.

It really seems necessary just now that the L.C.C. should build a club specially for the use of Kings. The rich man has his special clubs, so have the Army and Navy, also the working man. Why, therefore, should Kings, many of whom have done little harm to anybody, be deprived of such a luxury? I am quite aware that there is not a club in England who would not open their arms wide to the assortment of rulers visiting this country just now, while as for the Anarchist clubs, which spring up like mushrooms in this free country of ours, I believe they would be only too pleased to pay cab fares to their doors—return fares would be unnecessary.

What Kings really want is a place where they can forget for a time that they are Kings, and take off their cares of power at the same time that they take off their coats to play a friendly hundred up. The Kaiser should be good at cannons. If the L.C.C. built the club there would be no necessity for a subscription, and reigning monarchs would merely have to produce their crowns to act as passports. True, the carrying of them might be a little inconvenient, but the monarchs would not be burdened with the weight of them very far, as most of them can afford cabs. Besides, in a neat tin case they would pass for typewriting-machines. It is possible that a few fake Kings would try and gain admission on the strength of home-made cardboard crowns. Actors, too, who have played royal parts, might dust up their property headgear and attempt to play a leading part in the club of Kings. They would soon be detected, however, as no actor could keep quiet long enough to be mistaken for a real King. Journalists would certainly make no attempt to enter the club, for their employers are chary of buying them crowns out of the petty cash, and laurels—their every-day wear—would scarcely be considered *de rigueur*.

Your Editor.

EVERYTHING SHRINKS ABOUT SIX INCHES.

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Author of "Miss Desperado," "The Pride of the Ring," etc., etc.,

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will deal with the many remarkable incidents in the life of Brandon Barr, the famous Society Solicitor.

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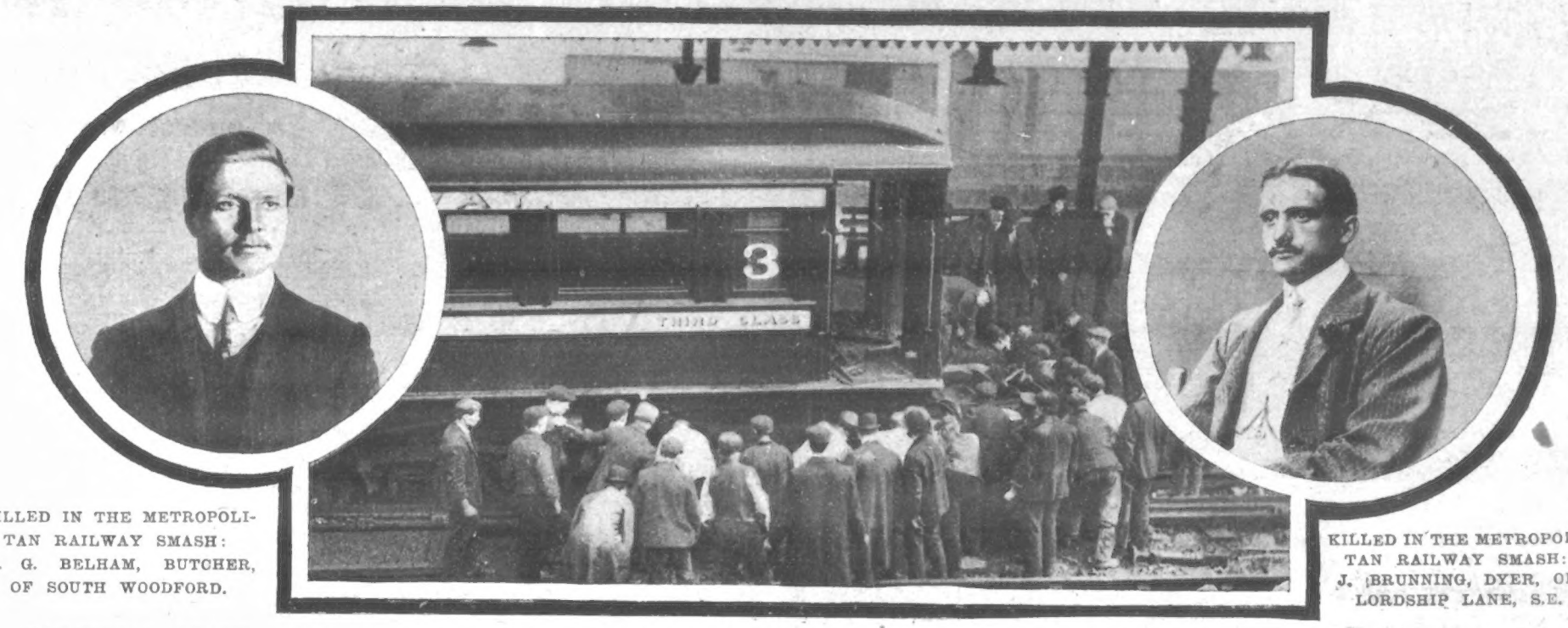
NEXT WEEK.

BREAKDOWN GANG AT WORK UPON THE WRECKED TRAIN.



KILLED IN THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY SMASH: W. G. BELHAM, BUTCHER, OF SOUTH WOODFORD.

KILLED IN THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY SMASH: J. BRUNNING, DYER, OF LORDSHIP LANE, S.E.

HAMPSTEAD SMASH.

SIGNALMAN'S STORY.

SENSATIONAL evidence was given at the Board of Trade inquiry, opened on Monday, into the West Hampstead collision on the Metropolitan Railway on Saturday, by which three passengers were killed.

John William Brine, signalman at Finchley Road, was the first witness. He said that at 7.35 on Saturday morning he inquired if West Hampstead had a train standing at the home signal, and the reply was "No." A minute later, when he rang up again, somebody said—"For God's sake don't worry, Jack, there is some trouble here." Shortly after he learned, from the same source, that there had been a collision.

William John Hollis, signalman at West Hampstead, was called next. Before putting any questions, the Inspector said: "I think it quite right to point out to you that, if you think that the answers to some of these questions are likely to expose you to any sort of charge or penalty, you are not obliged to give answers."

A Thick Fog.

Witness, who said he was not represented, stated that he was late in arriving on duty on Saturday. When he arrived the fog signalmen were out. It became very foggy at 7.45.

The Inspector: Have you ever known any failing in the signal-box?—Yes, some months ago. That was the last occasion. Witness said the disc working in the home signal had failed to drop to "clear" when it should have done so, and had dropped to "clear" when it should not.

He continued: "Before the Willesden train arrived I went to my box. I heard what I thought was my train coming by the box, and I booked both its arrival at 7.46 and its departure. I don't know what the train was up to now. It might have been a Great Central. Then I turned round and saw both my discs standing 'line clear,' and put my signals back, when I ought not to have done so. I suppose that I put the starting signal to 'danger' too quickly before the train left the station, and I suppose that this kept the train back in the station.

"I cannot account for the disc on the starting signal showing 'line clear' when I turned round, unless it was that the locking had failed."

Witness said that he had to send for the station foreman within the last six months owing to a failure of the signals. He had not always carried out the instructions to enter all the details of breakdowns in the train report book.

Thought Line was Clear.

At the time of the accident he thought that the Willesden train had gone out of the station, because the down signal disc showed "line clear" instead of "train on line."

Cross-examined by the general manager, witness said he had known the treadle in the signal-box fail during the last year. It got right for the next train, and he made no report on the matter.

William Fitch, stationmaster at West Hampstead, said that when the collision occurred he was in sight of the starting signal at the top of the steps before the Willesden train came in.

The Inspector: Have you any idea of the position of the signal?—It was at "danger" the whole time the train was there.

It might have been lowered?—I should have heard the noise.

You are satisfied that the starting signal was never lowered? I took particular notice, because after the train had stood there a minute I kept my eye on it.

Before the train had stood a minute?—It was at "danger" when the train came in.

Witness said the signalman at West Hampstead had on several occasions given notice of the failure of the treadles to release the disc.

"After the collision," said witness, "I went down the platform and looked in the wrecked train; but I thought I had better not stay, and I would run to the signal-box and tell the signalman what had happened. I did so. He looked, in my opinion, pale and dazed, but I don't remember him saying anything, and I didn't ask him how it happened."

Startling Evidence.

Edward Lyons, chief traffic inspector on the Metropolitan Railway, said that after the accident Hollis said to him: "This is my fault. I am sorry. The disc broke down and I could not see the train because the fog was so thick." He was very agitated and was crying, but was quite sober. Witness relieved Hollis from duty.

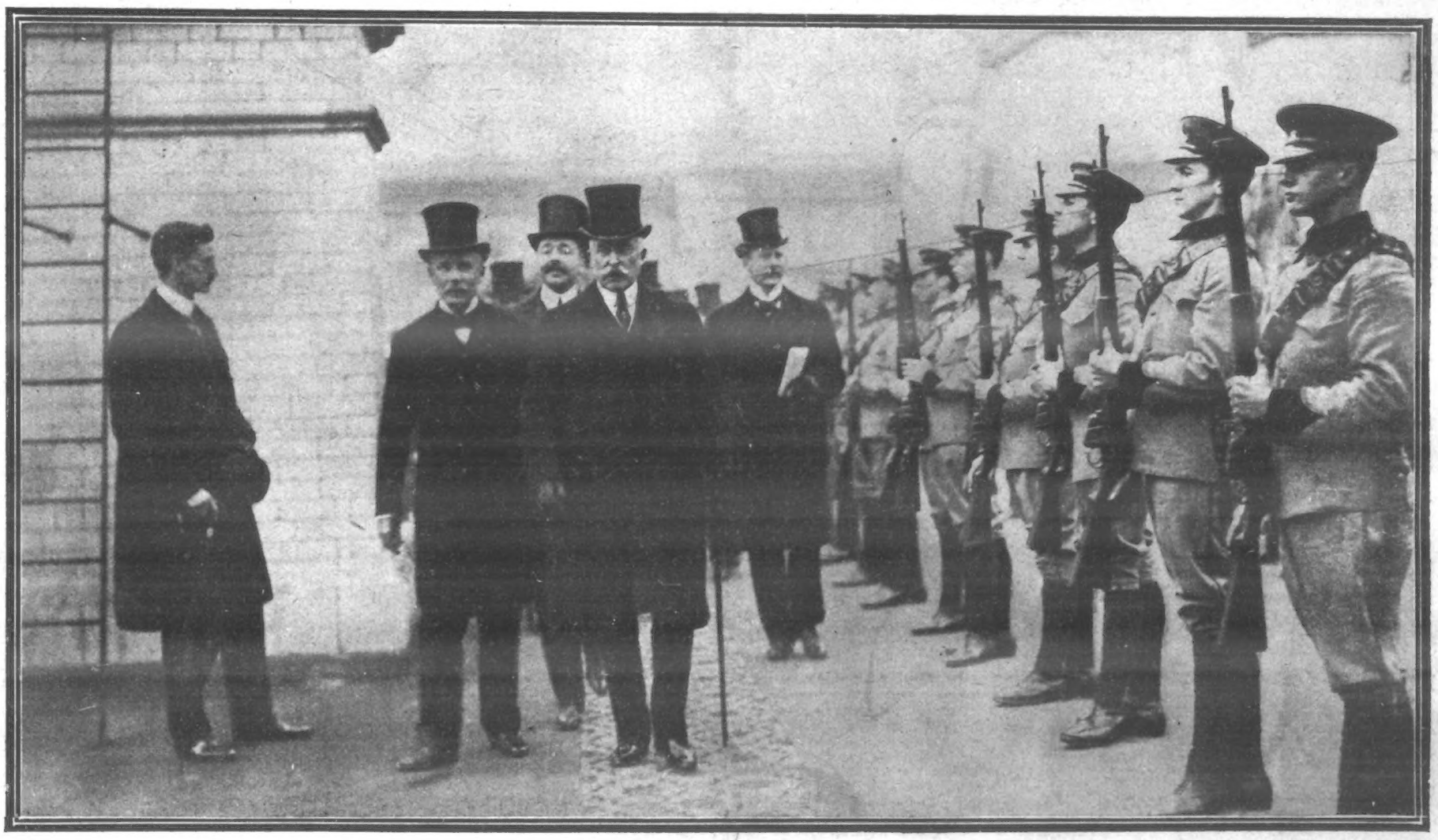
The Inspector: Why should Hollis have said it was his fault if the discs were not right?—I gathered from the statement he volunteered that he accepted the responsibility for not keeping a better look-out for the trains. He excused himself to me by saying that the disc broke down and misled him. It was possible that at 7.45 he could not see the train.

The Inspector: You think that he was trying to excuse a greater mistake?—My impression was that he was trying to cover himself by saying that the disc broke down. He knew that I had discovered that he had booked the departure of a train that had never departed.

The inquiry was adjourned.

VANISHED GIRL.

Scotland Yard has been investigating the disappearance of Barbara Lopoukhine, aged eighteen, who vanished last week after leaving the Aldwych Theatre. The above is the police photograph of the missing girl. As the girl's father was formerly chief of the Russian police bureau at Reval, it was feared it was the work of Nihilists.



ROOF RANGE FOR POST-OFFICE OFFICIALS.

The Duke of Connaught opened on Saturday a miniature rifle-range erected on the roof of St. Martin's-le-Grand for the use of the Central Post-Office Staff. His Royal Highness, who was received by Mr. Buxton, the Postmaster-General, fired the first shot.

NORWAY'S HAPPY LITTLE PRINCE IN ENGLAND

Photos. Exclusive and Bolak.

The Queen of Norway and little Prince Olaf have arrived in England for a lengthy visit. Our photographs are the latest ones of the King and Queen and the young Prince.

GUARDING KING ALFONSO.

"MOVING-ON" A KING.

EXTRAORDINARY precautions were taken by the authorities in Paris, on Monday, for the safety of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, who arrived in England on Tuesday.

Plain-clothes detectives and policemen swarmed in the streets (says the *Express* correspondent in Paris) and at the hotel where their Majesties were staying. So solicitous were the police for the safety of the royal visitors that even the King of Greece, who is also a visitor in Paris, was "moved-on" by a policeman when the King of Spain's carriage was passing through the streets.

Fully five thousand people waited outside the railway station in a cold wind to witness the arrival of the royal visitors. The chief interest, however, centred in the little Prince of Asturias, and there were shouts of "Lift him up!" The nurse who was carrying the royal baby immediately raised him in her arms so that the crowd should have a good view of him, whereupon there was an enthusiastic outburst of cheering.

Another dense crowd collected outside the Hôtel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, where King Alfonso and Queen Victoria established their headquarters.

The King of Greece, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, was standing in the front row opposite the hotel, when a policeman, not recognising him, said: "Move along there, please." The King obediently walked away, and crossed over to the other side of the street under the arcade, where another policeman sternly said to him: "You cannot pass along this way."

The King then gave up the attempt to witness the arrival of his brother Sovereign, and went off with his aide-de-camp. A bystander, who had recognised the King, said to the policeman: "Do you know you have been moving-on the King of Greece?" To which the policeman replied; "Well, he couldn't expect me to know him, could he? But I know my orders."

LINER CRASHES INTO BREAKWATER.

THE Red Star liner *Finland*, homeward bound from New York to Antwerp, crashed into the western end of the southern breakwater at Dover last Monday night as she was coming into port to land her English passengers.

The liner's bows were badly buckled, and her plates were ripped for about twenty feet. Two of the harbour tugs were summoned to her assistance by rockets and maroons, and they brought her alongside the Prince of Wales's Pier, where she was moored for the night.

After a survey it was decided that the *Finland* must remain at Dover until the next afternoon in order that her bulkheads might be strengthened.

The stonework of the breakwater was seriously damaged, and a man named Bailey, who was at work on it, had his thigh broken, and was taken to the hospital.

M. SANTOS DUMONT DUCKED WITH HIS HYDROPLANE.

Photo. Topical.

Recently, when M. Santos Dumont was taking out his hydroplane for a trial run, he made a false step and fell into the water. A large crowd of spectators who had assembled to see the experiment witnessed the aeronaut's ducking. M. Dumont gave up the trial of his hydroplane for the day.

MOTORING TO THE SOUTH POLE.

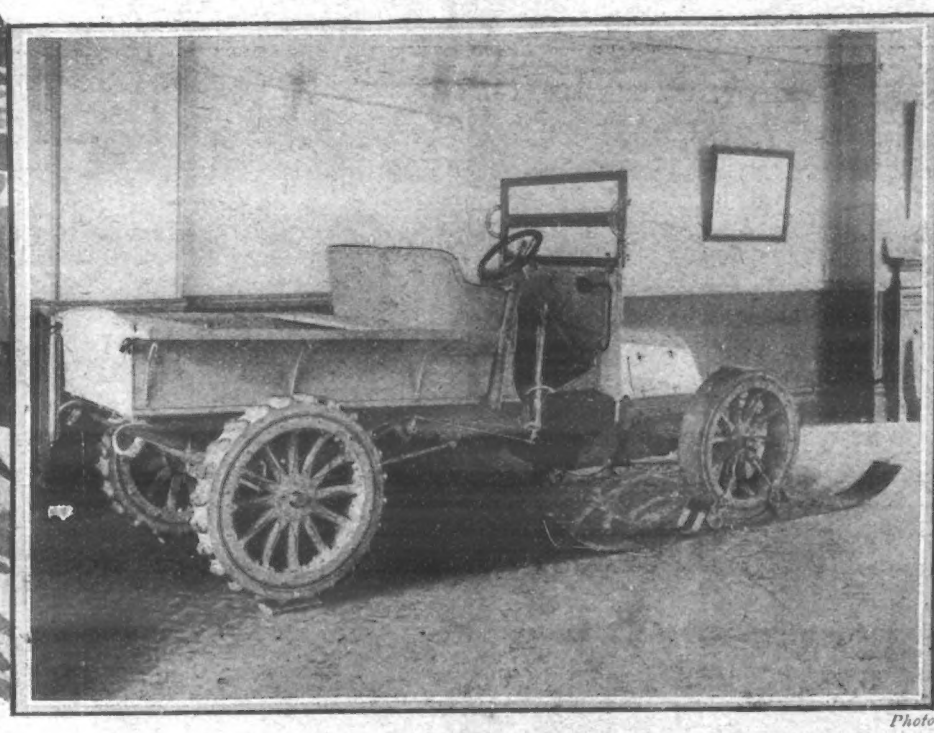


Photo. Topical.

This ice motor-car, that has been made for Lieutenant Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition, has a 12-15 h.p. air-cooled engine. A pipe from the exhaust goes under the footboard and acts as a foot-warmer, and also passes through a small tank for the purpose of melting snow for domestic uses. The back wheels are shod with round bars of iron to grip the snow, and when the surface is hard and slippery, spikes can be screwed to the wheels into holes specially made for the purpose. The front wheels have solid rubber tyres, and are mounted on runners. The engine is 12-15 h.p., air-cooled, and without water-jackets, as in that temperature it is impossible to use water.

THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER MYSTERY.

THE long inquest into the circumstances of the mysterious Camden Town crime ended last Monday afternoon, when, at St. Pancras coroner's court, the jury returned the following verdict—

"We find that Emily Dimmock met her death by wilful murder, and that the evidence we have received is sufficient to warrant us in committing the accused for trial."

Dr. Danford Thomas, the coroner, explained that this was equivalent to a verdict of murder against Robert Wood.

Wood, who was present in court, seated between two warders, heard the decision of the jury unmoved, though it caused considerable excitement among the crowd, both inside and outside the court.

CAR OF MYSTERY.

CURIOUS TALE OF ITS CAREER AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ITS OCCUPANTS

A MYSTERIOUS motor-car mishap occurred at Bristol in the early hours of Monday morning.

People passing along Cheltenham Road noticed a car which was travelling at a very rapid rate. Some assert that the occupants dropped off one by one, and finally the car steered against an electric-light standard, bringing it down and extinguishing all lights in the neighbourhood. The car crossed the footpath and crashed into the wall of a villa, and was badly damaged. All the occupants had disappeared.

The car was identified as belonging to Mr. Bullock, a local wine merchant, but both he and his chauffeur say they locked up the car at night, and are unable to throw any light on the mystery.

GIRLS' DUEL WITH PISTOLS

A MORTAL duel with pistols was fought last Sunday outside Lemberg by two girls—Anna Reiter, aged nineteen, and Ida Manna, aged twenty—both of whom were employed in a bank in the city.

The girls, says the *Express* Vienna correspondent, were intimate friends, and, unknown to each other, had fallen in love with a young cavalry captain. When Manna told her friend on Saturday that she loved the captain, Reiter instantly challenged her to a duel with pistols.

The girls selected a quiet spot outside the city, and fired at each other at short range. Reiter was shot through the head, and died shortly afterwards in hospital, and Manna was slightly wounded. Manna was placed under arrest, and was followed to prison by thousands of people.

THE "GAY GORDONS" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

A bevy of beauty in Mr. Seymour Hicks' play: Misses Sylvia Storey, Alice du Barry Lilian Burns, Olive Boielle, and Daisy Burroughs.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

By THE PROMPTER.

MR. ROY HORNIMAN'S four-act comedy, "The Education of Elizabeth," should, when a few very necessary alterations have been made, develop into a big success; for, to be perfectly frank, while the first three acts are, in many respects, altogether excellent, the last act is very, very poor stuff, which is the more to be regretted as the subject of the play is one which cannot fail to interest. The "motive" is simplicity itself. A man of good family, a young man-about-town, becomes seriously enamoured of a pretty "show-lady" and wishes to marry her. But, from a social point of view, her manners are decidedly crude, and, in consequence, with the help of his sister, the young man persuades his fiancée to go to a French finishing-school for a year. At the end of that time, however, when she returns once more, the young man—played quite convincingly, by-the-bye, by Mr. Marsh Allen, finds that his betrothed has developed into an unpleasantly superior little prig.

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Enter the villain, a married man who persuades Elizabeth—who is, of course, the show-lady—to fly with him rather than permit herself to be married out of a sense of duty. But Elizabeth leaves him at Victoria Station, and finally, as the curtain drops, we find Miss Miriam Clements being vigorously embraced by Mr. Marsh Allen, so that "all's well that ends well." Miss Miriam Clements is not well suited as the heroine, while Mr. H. V. Esmond, as the modern villain, is likewise not seen at his best. The "hit" of the evening is undoubtedly made by Miss Florence Lloyd, who is simply perfect in the part of a good-hearted, amiable, impulsive show-girl who has married the heir to a peerage. Miss Lloyd should have a big future before her as a comedy actress. Her "show-lady" is a fine character-study indeed; of course, I may be quite wrong, but it struck me that she had taken as a model a certain show-lady now playing in a very successful musical comedy—Charles Dana Gibson, what a lot you are responsible for! For the rest, Mr. Laurence Grossmith was quite successful, while Miss Alice Beet could not have been better as an impecunious London landlady whose lodgers have an unpleasant way of leaving her suddenly, forgetting the while to pay their bills.

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"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is still going so strong at the Adelphi that I learn that the proposed Christmas pantomime we were to see at this famous house is "off." It will be produced elsewhere, however, and, personally, I should not be at all surprised to see it installed somewhere Shaftesbury Avenue way.

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At the Haymarket "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is now preceded by a new one-act play, written by Mr. Frederick Fenn, and entitled "The Nelson Touch."

It will be welcome news to all to learn that "As You Like It" will run through the Christmas holidays at His Majesty's. Mr. Oscar Asche tells me that he and his charming wife, Miss Lily Brayton, have persuaded Mr. Tree to let them stay there until early in January next year.

I was chatting with Mr. Edmund Payne, the popular Gaiety comedian, the other night, over some of his reminiscences, and it will doubtless be news to many people to learn that, without a break—except when he fell and broke his leg—"Teddy" Payne has been with Mr. George Edwardes for over sixteen years. This, I believe, is a record in its own way. Apropos of his reminiscences, Mr. Payne remarked: "At one time or another all sorts of amusing things have happened at the Gaiety, and I shall never forget a certain incident which cropped up during the run of 'The Messenger Boy,' in which those people blessed with a good memory may recall the fact that I played the title rôle. In one scene I had to mount a real live camel, which, by-the-bye, was brought every evening from the Agricultural Hall, and waited outside the stage-door every night until the cue was given for it to be taken on to the stage in the desert scene.

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"When the weather was cold, waiting outside could not have been a very pleasant job, and it often struck me that it was enough to give any self-respecting camel 'the hump'—but that is quite another story. Well, one snowy night a message was sent out to discover how the noble beast was faring, and the reply came back that he was very well indeed, and was quite warmly wrapped up in a thick white tarpaulin rug.

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"But the white rug, to the uproarious amusement of the audience, turned out to be composed, not of tarpaulin, but of thick snow, and, when the animal got into the warm atmosphere of the stage, of course the snow melted at once, with the result that huge blocks of snow were deposited all over the floor, which, by-the-bye, was intended to represent a desert. Surely, a snow-clad camel in the broiling sulphurous desert constitutes still another world's record!"

***

At the Elephant and Castle Theatre, where, for a long time past, melodrama has been the vogue, Miss Kate Cutler, on Monday last, made her first appearance in London as Peggy O'Mara in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy." The interesting experiment of temporarily "shelving" melodrama has turned out, I am glad to hear, a big success.

***

Miss Daisy Jerome, who undertook to manage a milliner's business for one day to disprove the scathing statement, made by a member of the peerage, that an actress is quite incapable of following any other vocation, may, when she last week conducted a business in Charing Cross Road, have proved herself an excellent saleswoman. Personally, I can't say whether she did or did not, as I did not make so bold as to purchase any articles of millinery, but I can say that, as a window-dresser, she is by no means "in the first class," for, in passing, I rashly chanced to glance at the result of her handiwork, and am only just recovering from the shock now.

***

A friend of Mr. Leopold Godowsky told me a most amusing story the other day about the great Russian pianist, whose extraordinary technique is said to be the world's eighth wonder. It appears that, last year, Godowsky happened to be present at Pachmann's Queen's Hall concert, and went into the green-room before it was over to speak to "the eccentric one," of whom he is a close personal friend. At the end of the "show," Pachmann was clamorously recalled again and again, and became so excited that he seized hold of Godowsky by the coat and endeavoured to drag him on the platform along with him. Godowsky, thinking this would make him look somewhat foolish, took advantage of an old trick and slid out of his coat, while Pachmann rushed on to the platform to make his bow, vowing that, coat or no coat, he would bring Godowsky on to the platform before he finished.

***

But when he returned to the green-room to put his threat into practice Godowsky was nowhere to be found. Pachmann and various attendants rushed round all the rooms and passages at the back without the least success. The "disappearance" seemed to be quite worthy, in fact, of St. George's Hall, until half-an-hour later, when the public had departed, "the wily one" proved as agile of person as of finger by creeping out from underneath an armchair in the corner of a small ante-room! Godowsky, who, by the way, played at the Bechstein Hall last Tuesday, and who is giving a number of performances in the provinces, as well as at the Albert Hall, during the next fortnight, will not, however, need to practise any contortionist's feats—except on the piano—this time, as Pachmann is safely in America.

BRILLIANT NEW SERIES.

THE

SKELETON-CUPBOARD,

By HENRY T. JOHNSON,

Commences Next Week.

BRILLIANT NEW SERIES.

THE

SKELETON-CUPBOARD,

By HENRY T. JOHNSON,

Commences Next Week.

Photos. Foulsham & Banfield.

GEORGE ROBEY AS A DIABOLIST.

Observe the rapt expression as he waits for the spool to descend.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CHELSEA BEAT EVERTON BY THE ODD GOAL IN THREE.

Our photo shows Everton scoring their only goal.

FOOTBALL.

THE Southern League takes pride of place in my notes this week, for the happenings of that body seem to me to demand more than usual notice, if only from the fact that Plymouth Argyle, hitherto the only unbeaten team in the important Leagues this season, met their "Waterloo" at Griffin Park last Saturday. It was fully expected that a strenuous struggle would result from the meeting, for Brentford had an undefeated home record, and they were expected to draw, even if they did not actually win.

As the result so seriously affected the position of Plymouth as leaders, it was not unnatural that there should be a big attendance, and it is said that it was a record for the ground. By the victory of Brentford, the Argyle are the last of the sixty chief professional clubs to lose their unbeaten certificate; and, though they enjoyed the advantage of playing on their own pitch, it was undoubtedly a great performance for Brentford to accomplish.

Millwall are doing very well, and so, for the matter of that, are West Ham. The two clubs are old rivals, and they are also very level on games played this season. All through the piece it was a hammer-and-tongs struggle, and Millwall just gained the victory by one goal to nil. Portsmouth came an unexpected cropper at Fratton Park on Saturday, and then most unaccountably routed Brentford on the Monday by four goals to nil, a reversal of form that wants a bit of understanding.

Crystal Palace have been doing very well recently, but in their latest encounter, with Luton, on the latter's ground, the Bedfordshire team scored four goals against them without a response. Queen's Park Rangers must be considered to have accomplished a good performance by drawing with Bradford Park Avenue on the latter's ground, each side scoring twice, and the points were also halved at Leyton in the game between that club and Northampton, one goal being accredited to each club.

Six goals were scored in the match between Bristol Rovers and Southampton, at Stapleton Road. The home team played a very strong game all through, and won by four goals to two. Reading beat Norwich City by two goals to one. New Brompton defeated Watford by three goals to one, and at Brighton the local team could only draw with Swindon, each side scoring two goals.

In the First Division of the League, Woolwich Arsenal accomplished one of the best performances of the series by drawing with Middlesborough away from home, but, as no goals were scored, the points were halved. It is worth noting that in only one of the matches was the home team beaten. This was in the game between Manchester City and Preston North End, at Deepdale, the visitors scoring four goals to their rivals' two.

Heavy scoring characterised the match between Sheffield United and Sunderland at Bramall Lane. Eight goals were scored, and the "Blades" won by five goals to three. Notts Forest drew with Birmingham, each side scoring once; but Newcastle United proved too good for Blackburn Rovers and beat them by three goals to nil. Sheffield Wednesday had a very sorry experience at Anfield, where they encountered Liverpool, and suffered defeat by three goals to nil. The matches between Bury and Notts County, and Aston Villa and Bristol City both resulted in draws, eight goals being equally divided in the latter match.

In the Second Division, Fulham, though playing away from home, accounted for Clapton Orient by one goals to nil, and it is a noteworthy feature of the season up-to-date that the Craven Cottage team have so far recovered from a rather bad start, Fulham are evidently not going to be beaten without a struggle in the race for a place in the First Division.

The Rugby Union County Championship is so far in its infancy, and it would be futile to forecast the ultimate winners. Cheshire and Northumberland met at Birkenhead last Saturday, when the Northumbrians won by 11 points to 5. In club-matches, Oxford University beat the Old Merchant Taylors and displayed better form than hitherto. Cambridge defeated the Old Leysians, Richmond gained a meritorious victory over Leicester, but Blackheath were beaten by Devon Albion by one goal and three tries to nil.

REMARKABLE ATTITUDE OF A GOALKEEPER.

Brentford beat Plymouth Argyle by two goals to one. Our photograph shows Brentford's goalkeeper as he just failed to save.

FOOTBALL TOO STRENUOUS.

THE authorities of Lima College, Ohio, have ordered the college football team to be disbanded.

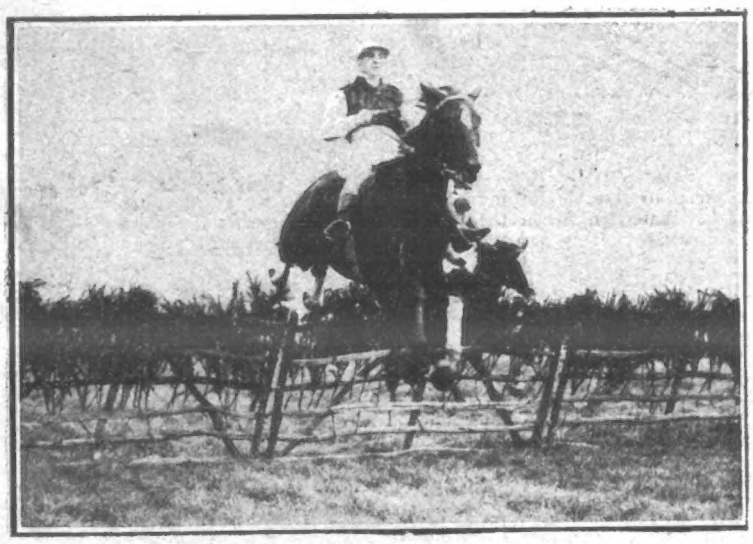
Since the opening of the season the members have sustained four broken legs, eight dislocations of arms or shoulders, a dozen shattered fingers, and many broken noses.

MR. F. L. FANE.

Who, playing for the M.C.C. team in their first match in Australia, scored 133 against Western Australia. He is the famous Essex batsman.

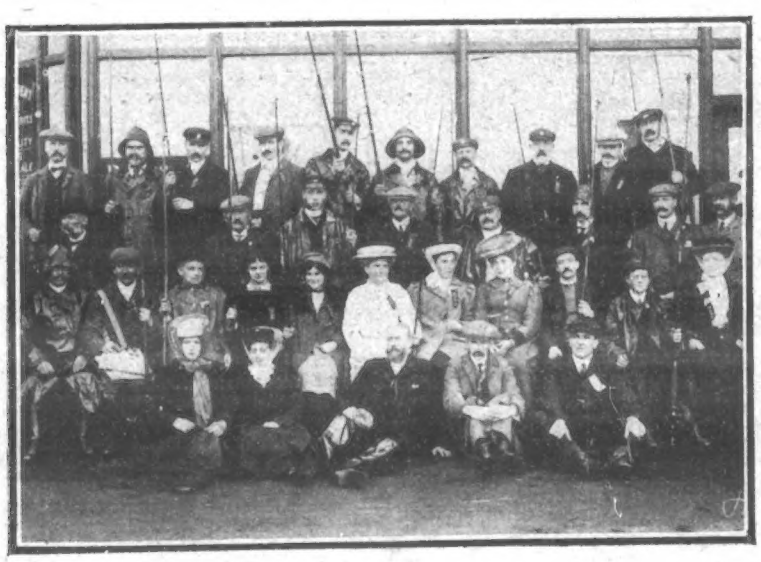
HUNTING FIELD TRAGEDY.

CAPTAIN Harold R. Jones, of the Hampshire Regiment, was injured fatally on Saturday while hunting with the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds. His horse cleared one fence, but stumbled at a second a few yards further on, and threw Captain Jones. The horse planted one of its hoofs on its rider's face, and crushed his jaw. Captain Jones was taken to a cottage at Great Linford, where his injuries were attended to. He was then removed to Wolverton House, where he was staying and where he died on Sunday afternoon. He was only twenty-nine years old.



SANDOWN PARK STEEPLECHASES.

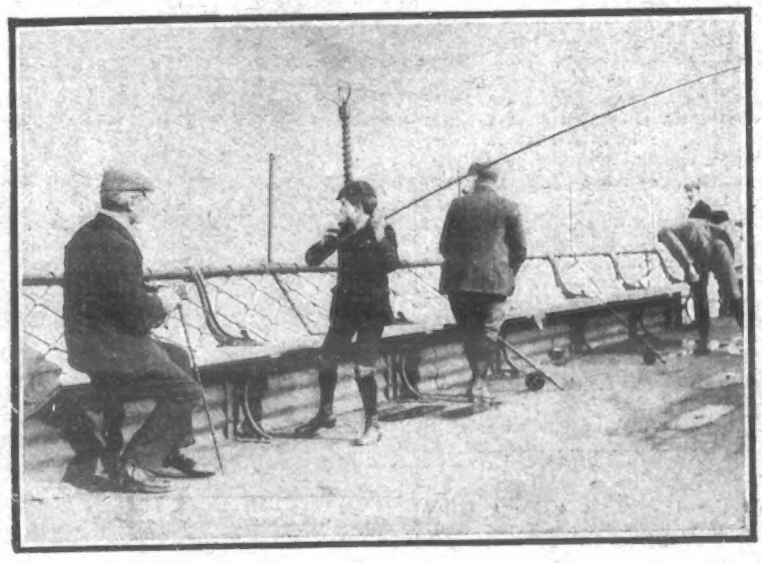
Cripplegate, the winner of the Pirbright Hurdle Race.



A GROUP OF COMPETITORS.

THE ANGLING CONTEST AT DEAL.

Deal, the popular resort on the Kentish coast, has always been the happy hunting ground of anglers. Its fishing competitions are famous and as a rule good sport is enjoyed. The competition last week was no exception to the rule, the number of competitors was large and there was a good catch. Young fishermen (and fisherwomen) are particularly enthusiastic.



A YOUTHFUL COMPETITOR CASTING.

TRAINING TO FIGHT THE WORLD.

HOW I AM TRAINING FOR THE GREAT WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

BY

Zbysco

I GENERALLY manage to keep myself in perfect training all the year round by daily wrestling, either for pleasure or profit; but, unfortunately, just before I came to England, I hurt one of my knees very badly, and it has taken a long time to get well.

It is unfortunate, too, that I put on weight very rapidly, and at the present time I am faced with the unpleasant necessity of getting off three stone of superfluous weight as quickly as I can. When I arrived in this country I weighed over twenty stone, and by the date of the great wrestling tournament, next month, I do not want to scale more than eighteen stone. I have managed to get rid of one stone already in two weeks.

I believe the best training for a wrestling match is just wrestling—wrestling all the day. I wrestle four times a day all the week through. Here is a sample day's work:

8 to 9 a.m.—Wrestling with my trainer at home.

9.30—Bath and breakfast.

11 to 1—More private practice at the Pavilion with four or five trained wrestlers.

1.30—Bath and lunch.

2 to 8—A brisk walk in the Park, sleep, and a light dinner.

9—Wrestling at the Pavilion.

11—Bath and bed.

I have a private gymnasium fitted up at my hotel, where I practise every day with my trainer Weber, a very celebrated German wrestler. We start wrestling before breakfast, and keep it up for thirty or forty minutes—as long, in fact, as Weber feels he can go on. After breakfast I go down to the Pavilion and take on a succession of men—generally four or five—during the morning, wrestling with each until he has had enough of it.

At present I take a brisk walk through the Park every afternoon before going home for a sleep to rest me for my evening's work. Later on, when the day of the tournament draws near, I shall cut down the amount of practice wrestling I now do in a day, and shall go for a run in the Park at night.

I have been trying skipping, which has been recommended to me very strongly by a well-known English boxer, as being especially good for wind. It is entirely new to me, for skipping is never practised by athletes on the continent. I found it very difficult at first, but now I can keep it up thirty or forty times without stopping.

I am a great believer in walking as an exercise. I never drink and I never smoke, but I do not believe in any particular diet. I lead a very simple life, and am a normal eater.

I find a great relief in my training for the Græco-Roman style of wrestling in playing about with the catch-as-catch-can men and the Japanese ju-jitsu professor. I do not think that I derive any special benefit from it, but it is a pleasant change, and takes my mind off the more serious portions of the day's work.

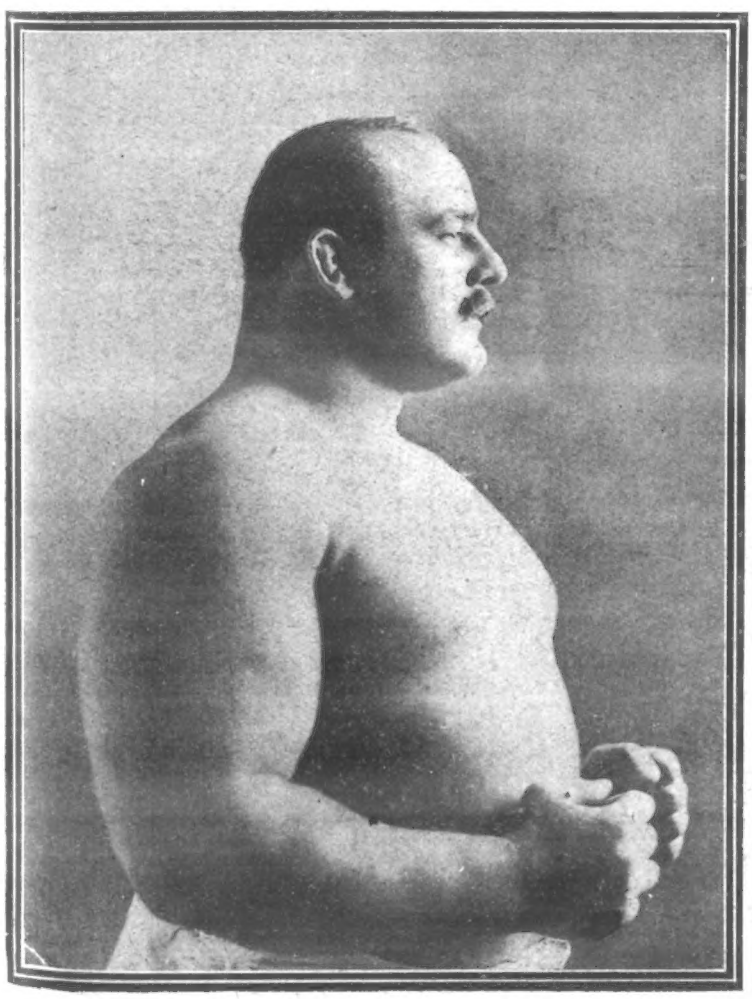
I am a great believer in baths. I have a cold bath before my work, and a tepid one afterwards. I never have less than three baths a day. I am very fond of a very hot bath, but I do not believe it is good for me when in training, so I substitute a tepid one for it.

I have no fear at any time of going stale. I am my own barometer, and know perfectly well when it is necessary for me to have a rest. I never get tired or fagged with wrestling.

I have no time for recreations when I am in training, but I am very fond of reading, and generally manage to read something every day. I am learning English, too, and people tell me that I am progressing very well. I am fond of the game of draughts, and am generally considered a good player.

At the Pavilion we all play diabolo behind the scenes during the evening's performance, but I am not very good at the game.

Zbysco



ZBYSCO IN FIGHTING TRIM.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

CROSS-COUNTRY runners are beginning to wake up to the stern realities of the winter campaign, and many strenuous struggles "over the sticks" will be witnessed before the cinder-path again finds favour with the runner. Last Saturday the Finchley Harriers decided a three-miles open handicap at Whetstone, and seventy athletes faced the starter. Unfortunately, the race did not pass off without a regrettable incident, for the winner was objected to on the ground of incorrect entry.

The prizes were withheld pending a reference to the Amateur Athletic Association. The winner was P. C. Franklin, of the Belgrave Harriers, whose start was 2¼ min., and it was a great pity that so important a race should have ended in such an unsatisfactory fashion.

The four miles and three-quarters Challenge Cup race of the Thames Hare and Hounds, decided at Roehampton, resulted in a victory for G. Dawson, who covered the course in 29 min. 20 sec. H. C. Rose was second in 29 min. 57 sec.; and St. John Neville. H. G. Weber, who captained Cambridge University against Oxford last year, destroyed what chance he may have possessed by mistaking the finishing point.

The South London Harriers decided their five-miles Gibb Challenge Cup over the home course, F. A. Knott, who won the trophy—or, rather, the right to hold it—so far back as 1902, but who was prevented from competing by an accident last season, finished first in 29 min. 6 sec. A. W. Hay was second, and the holder, J. L. Churchill, third.

The Blackheath Harriers held a five-miles novices' race last Saturday. This was won by H. E. J. Southwell in 33 min. 30 4-5 sec., not startling time, but fairly good for a youngster just beginning. Another novice showed good form in the Ranelagh Harriers' two-and-a-half miles handicap. This was H. Shelton, who won the race with 2 min. start in 14 min. 58 3-5 sec. The seven miles amateur champion walker, F. B. Thompson, could finish no nearer than twelfth, but he made the fastest time, 13 min. 31 sec.

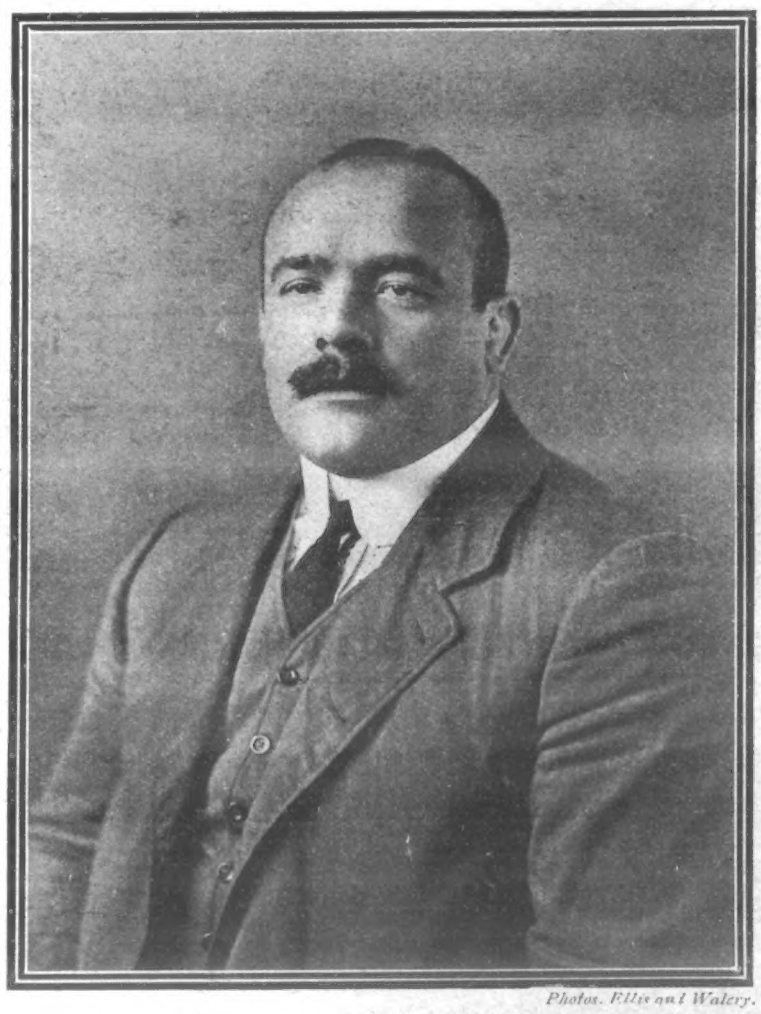
C. S. Silsby, who has on more than one occasion finished first in the North of the Thames Championship, won the Hampstead Harriers' four miles level race. This runner has been in active service a number of years now, but he is very far from being done with.

BILLIARDS.

Many good matches are in progress just now, but possibly the tournament at Soho Square commands more interest than any ordinary encounter. The first heat was finished last Saturday night, when Reece defeated Lovejoy by 456 points. Dawson has been making some fine breaks, and it seems a pity that Stevenson should be touring abroad when his old rival is in such striking form.

CRICKET.

The M.C.C. team began their tour in Australia in the happiest manner, for though Hutchings, Hobbs, and Fielder were so overcome by sea-sickness that they were unable to land at Perth, the eleven opposed to Western Australia made the latter follow on. Fane batted brilliantly for 133 out of a total of 402, Braund being next with 59. Only four of the team failed to get double figures in the first innings of the tour, one of these being R. A. Young, who, on Monday last, was elected captain for next year of the Cambridge University team.



Photos. Ellis and Walery.

ZBYSCO IN MUFTI, THE MARVELLOUS MAN'S MUSCLES HIDDEN

The Strengthening Effect of Electricity.

NO OTHER TREATMENT CAN COMPARE WITH IT

There are thousands of men going about the world mere pigmies of what they should be, broken down in health both mentally and physically, getting no enjoyment out of life. The man who is weak is an absolute failure. He can accomplish nothing that is worth accomplishing. The man who is strong and robust, on the other hand, has the world before him. Few things to him are impossible; he is eager for work; eager for pleasure. He derives pleasure from the merest details of life. He walks with his head erect, a springy step; he is stamped with that air of confidence which makes him a man. Every weak man can be such a specimen.

The question arises: How? Some will say, "I have tried this and that; it did me no good; in fact, it made me worse." Quite so. Many medicines prove more harmful than beneficial in such cases. What the body requires is electricity. It is the motive force of the human machinery. Electricity develops and expands weakened tissue. It is life to the nerves and organs. It fortifies the system against weakness and disease. It drives out weakness by renewing vitality.

For applying electricity to the body in a convenient and effective form, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was invented. This wonderful battery is the outgrowth of scientific investigations and discoveries. It is simple to use, requires no charging; yet is strong enough to illuminate a small incandescent lamp. It is an entirely new treatment. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the eminent electrical expert, has this to say of it: "I have, in the course of my experiments with the 'Ajax' Body Battery, which have now extended over several weeks, tested its powers in various ways rather severely, and am bound to admit that the results have been eminently satisfactory throughout, and, indeed, greatly beyond my initial expectations." Such statements as that carry conviction. The "Ajax" Battery has also been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit.

The most interesting treatise ever published on this subject is free to all who write for it. It is a volume of 80 pages, nicely illustrated, based upon standard works and the views of eminent physicians whose authority cannot be doubted. Every person who feels that his health is not what it should be, should write for it at once. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring you the book, postage prepaid. To all who can call at the office a free test is offered.

CHILDREN SLEEP WELL

when they are healthy and their food is doing its proper work.

THE BEST FOOD IS

NEAVE'S FOOD

which for more than 80 years has helped to preserve and build up the young life of the Country. When prepared according to the directions given, it is *A Complete Diet for the Infant*, as also for *the Aged and the Infirm*. Easily digested and assimilated by the most delicate Infant.

In 1/- & 2/6 Tins; also 4d. Packets

Write for "Hints About Baby," by a Trained Nurse. Postcard to JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. Fordingbridge, via Salisbury.

THE SKELETON-CUPBOARD,

A Striking New Series

BY

HENRY T. JOHNSON,

Author of "Miss Desperado," "The Pride of the Ring," etc., etc.,

WILL COMMENCE IN

"P.I.P." dated NOV. 9th.

THE MAMMOTH MAURETANIA.

THE MAMMOTH MAURETANIA.

LAST week the *Mauretania*, queen of the world's mercantile marine, made her first entry into Liverpool, having cruised from her birthplace at Wallsend-on-Tyne at a steady twenty-two knots an hour speed.

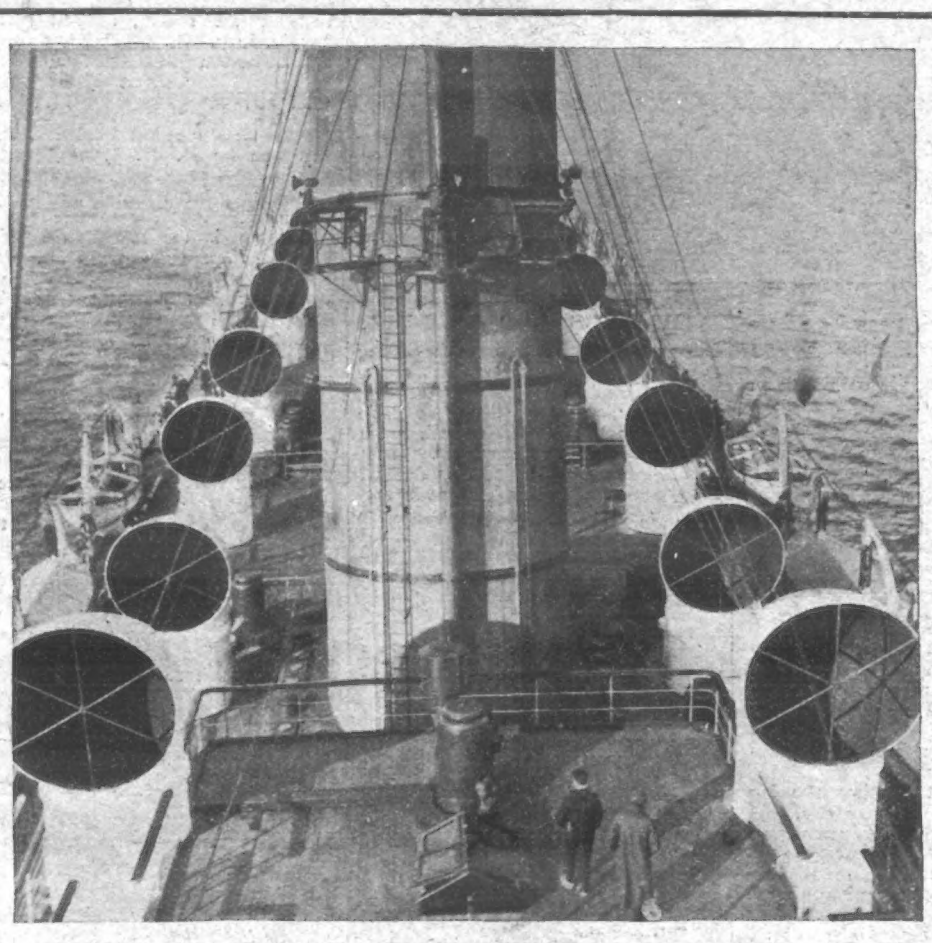
The course taken was round the coast of Scotland, and the trip resolved itself into a competition of adjectives in the endeavours to do adequate justice to the *Mauretania's* many surpassing beauties.

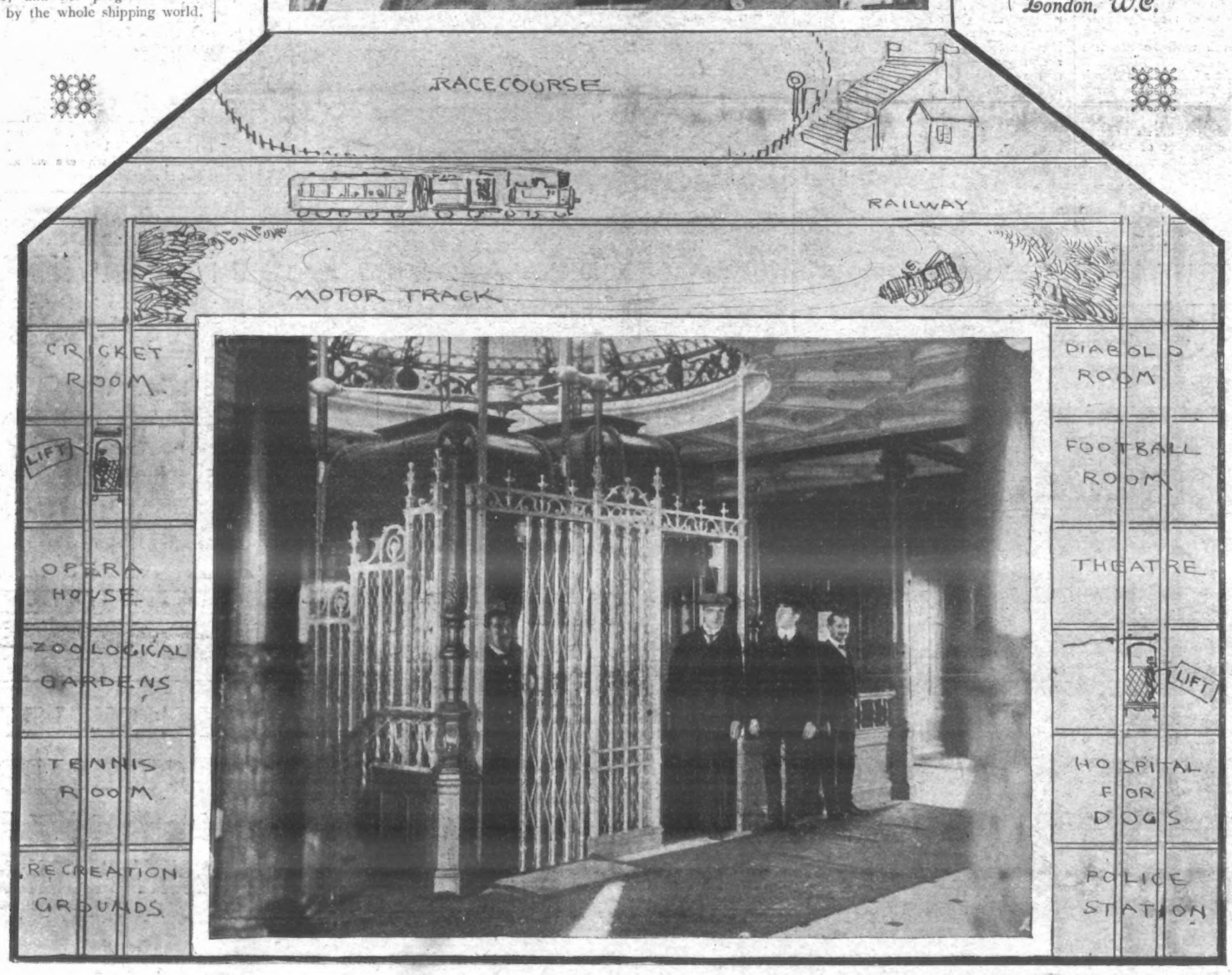
It is confidently expected by members of the engine-room staff that after the *Mauretania* has been dry-docked, and when she goes on her official trials, this week, she will attain the enormous speed of twenty-eight knots an hour, or about two knots more than the highest speed made by the *Lusitania* during her trials.

Lord Inverclyde, one of the directors of the Cunard Company, said to a Press representative—

"We are perfectly satisfied with the vessel, but we cannot say anything about her speed yet. I have heard she went more than twenty-seven knots during the builders' trials, but she will not undergo her official trials until later. She has to be docked and cleaned, and then she will be sent over a 2000-mile course and driven at maximum power."

The *Mauretania* will probably start on her maiden trip on Saturday, Nov. 16, and her progress will be watched by the whole shipping world.





Only recently the Lusitania, the new Cunard liner, has beaten the world's record, and now her sister ship, the Mauretania, is expected to go one better. The luxurious fittings on board these ships are proverbial, and our photographs show the deck of the Mauretania and a lift such as might be expected in a large hotel. Our artist has suggested a few further improvements.—*Photos. Illus. Bureau.*

GERMAN MARITIME PROGRESS.

AN exhibition will be held in Berlin from April to October 1908, under the auspices of the Verein Deutscher Schiffswerften (Association of German Shipyards), to illustrate the development and present position of German shipbuilding and maritime power.

The general arrangements have been entrusted to a committee, of which Professor Busley is the chairman, and the Kaiser has intimated that the project has his heartiest support.

The exhibits will include models of ships and of marine engines, boilers, and auxiliary machinery, naval armaments, shipbuilding material, models of harbours, dockyards, and shipbuilding works, as well as small marine engines, yachts, and motor-boats.

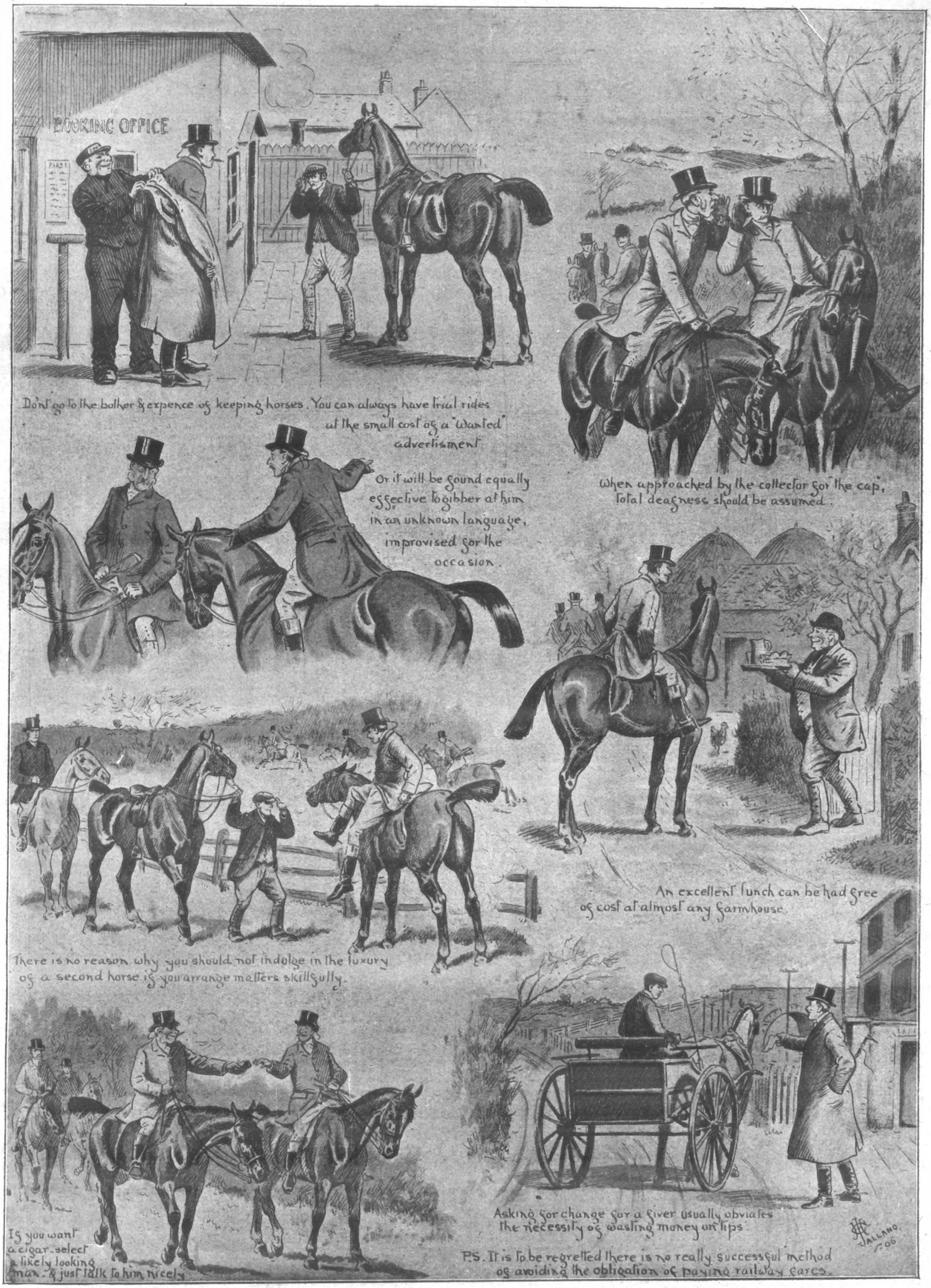
NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

THE RAILWAY WAR: PERCENTAGE OF MEN WHO WOULD STRIKE.

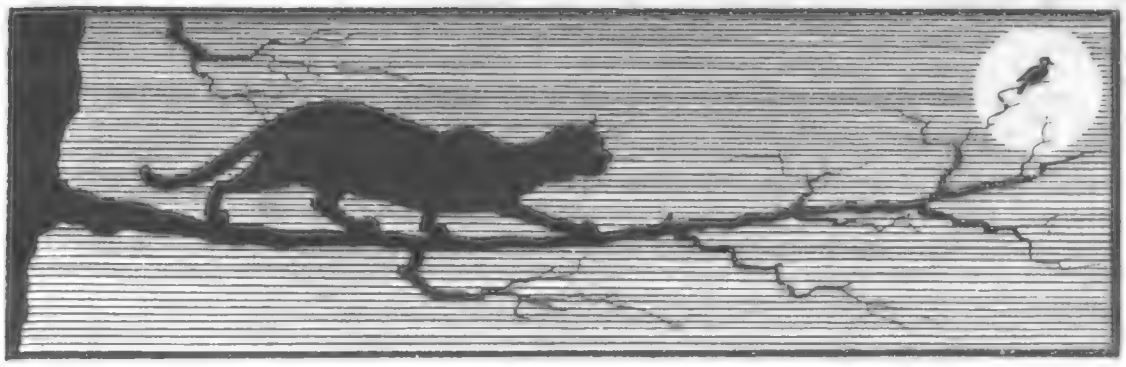
The figures on the photographs are based upon a statement by Mr. Albert Fox, General Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. They show the proportion of members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, to railwaymen employed at the time when the all-grade movement was introduced. Since these percentages were compiled, all the railway societies have united, and the companies have, therefore, to face a much more powerful army in the event of a strike being proclaimed.

FORCES NOW IN THE FIELD SINCE ALL THE SOCIETIES UNITED.

Amalgamated Society	100,000	Pointsmen and Signalmen ...	3,000
Engine Drivers and Firemen ...	13,000	Railway Clerks...	10,000
General Railway Workers' Union	8,000	Telegraph Clerks	500
TOTAL	*134,500.*		



HUNTING HINTS FOR THE HARD UP.



HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Likewise.

A country gentleman, whose wife was of a very proud and overbearing disposition, was thinking of standing for Parliament. So, to win popular favour, he gave a garden-party, to which every voter for miles around was invited.

Amongst the humble guests was a very independent grocer, who made himself quite at home, and so much so that his lack of humility angered his hostess extremely. In the end, thinking to "teach him his manners," she said to him significantly—

"You know, Mr. Green, in London, shopkeepers don't go into the best society."

The grocer looked at her and smiled.

"They don't here, either, Ma'am," he said quietly.

Etiquette.

A City man had a friend from a Cork town up on a business matter the other day, and they lunched together at a restaurant. The Cork man ate his entire meal with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered that he had no fork.

"Look here," he said to the City man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the City man seriously.

"The deuce I don't," came from the farmer. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—*Tit-Bits.*

To Speak Shorthand.

An amusing story is told of a poor man in Lancashire who was determined his only son should not be brought up to the drudgery and hard-working life of a coal-porter, as he himself had been. He therefore sent him to one of the city schools to learn shorthand.

One night his son was busily engaged with his shorthand when his father happened to ask him how he was getting on. The son replied that he was getting on famously well, and showed him some of his exercises.

The ignorant but well-meaning father looked at them, then said—

"You seem to be able to write it pretty well, my lad; let me hear you speak it."

The boy was taken aback with his father's question, and endeavoured to explain the use of shorthand.

The father was not to be convinced, and told him that if they were not going to teach him how to speak the language he shouldn't go there any more; and up to the present day he hasn't seen fit to alter his decision.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner charged with murderously assaulting a sleeping man): Had he ever done you any harm?

PRISONER: No, guvner, 'e 'adn't done me no harm; but 'ow was I ter know 'e wouldn't w'en 'e woke up, I arst yer?

There was a Cashier——

The old lady had signed two cheques—one for 2s. 11½d. and the other for 3s.—so she thought she might as well close her account, and with this object she went to the bank to draw the remaining halfpenny.

The cashier, who had hitherto conducted her Carnegie-like operations, was not in his accustomed place, however, so she sought the manager.

"I want to see the cashier," she stated.

"So do I," he replied; "but he's out of town."

"Gone for a rest, I presume?" the old lady suggested.

"Not exactly," said the manager. "He's gone to avoid it."

Then she fumbled for her pocket dictionary to look the matter up.—*Answers.*

Fit for a Queen.

"No," said the old shoemaker sternly: "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin now."

For a moment he was silent, and the shopman who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," said the old man again, "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe, and I will never pass it off as anything better. So just mark it, 'A shoe fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen, you know, does not have to do much walking."—*Tit-Bits.*

Rebuked.

She was one of those women who always present a woefully untidy appearance during the early part of the day. In vain had her husband remonstrated with her on the unfastened blouse and unkempt hair; it was not until aid came from an unexpected quarter that victory was his. They had removed to a new house on the previous day, and when she answered the summons of the front-door bell, a humble-looking woman awaited her.

"Oh, I see it's too late!" sighed the woman; "I called to ask if the missis wanted a charwoman, but I see she's suited."—*Tit-Bits.*

Then Silence Reigned.

A clergyman who ministered to the needs of the people in one of the poorest parts of London went down to a provincial town to plead for support for his work.

A large meeting was arranged for him, and he made a most telling appeal.

At the close of his address, up jumped a good man and promised £50 for a start. The clergyman was overjoyed.

"I don't know your name, Sir," he cried, "but I thank you I thank you. May your business be doubled in the coming year!"

Then a solemn hush settled down over the meeting, and it was evident to the clergyman that all was not well.

"What's the matter?" he whispered anxiously to the chairman.

"Er—well," replied the latter, "that gentleman is an undertaker."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

To the Point.

There is a well-known saying that "brevity is the soul of wit." Below are two instances of the truth of this.

A man who is regarded as a bore by his acquaintances met a witty friend in the street and stopped him.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"I am," was the other's reply, as he continued his way.

A celebrated physician, after examining a patient, advised him—

"You'd better take a walk on an empty stomach every morning, my dear Sir."

"Whose?" was the brief reply.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

To Get a Night Out.

Two men were standing together in a corridor of a post-office. One of them happened to notice that a post-card, held in the fingers of the other, was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Bro. Blank,—There will be a meeting of the I.O.O.S.B., No. 387, at the hall, the evening of October 1st, to transact special business. Members not present will be fined two guineas.—J. B——, secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed myself; the society is all a myth. When I want to go out of an evening I direct one of these cards to my house, I reach home, and my wife hands it to me, with a sigh. I offer to stay at home and stand the fine of two guineas, but, of course, she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."—*Tit-Bits*

The Joke that Failed.

Flipson: "Young Waggles has got the laugh turned against himself in his little joke against the Blazes Fire Insurance Company."

Flopson: "How?"

Flipson: "He insured five hundred cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire."

Flopson: "And they laughed at him, I suppose?"

Flipson: "No. They had him arrested on a charge of arson."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Tables Turned.

Not long ago there was an amusing little incident at a provincial police-court.

It was a case of game trespass, and the defendant stoutly maintained his innocence. The gamekeeper, he said, had mistaken his man, as he (defendant) was not in the neighbourhood on the day in question.

On the other hand, the gamekeeper swore that he saw defendant kneeling over a rabbit-hole, down which he had despatched a ferret.

"Defendant ran away," continued the gamekeeper, "and as I knew him well I didn't trouble to follow him. I merely waited for the ferret to come out of the hole; when I took charge of it."

Recognising, perhaps, that the magistrates had already made up their minds, defendant here interrupted—

"Yes, gents; I 'ope ye'll mind he stole my ferret!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Even.

"I really can't understand why you don't pay me my little bill," said the persistent dun. "You promised to pay me three months ago, and I relied on you."

"That's so."

"And you lied."

"Precisely so. I lied on you and you relied on me, so we are even. Good-bye."—*Answers.*

Caught Again.

A gentleman who was out driving, not being quite sure of his direction, pulled up to where an old man was breaking stones, and said—

"My man, can you tell me where this road goes to?"

"Why," said the stonebreaker, "it don't go nowhere, as I knows on, Mister. It's always here when I come of a morning, and I always leave it here when I go home."

Not being able to extract any further information, the gentleman drove on. Returning later, however, he thought he would get his own back.

"John," he said to his groom, "just ask that man if he wants a fool's job."

John gave his master's message, but was taken aback somewhat when the old stone-breaker replied—

"What! have you got the sack, or is the guv'nor going to keep two?"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

His Constitution.

He was the first tramp of the season, and merrily we welcomed him in. "Here," we said, "is a glass of water—pure, cold, delicious water. What? You refuse it, man?"

He shook his head and sighed. "I have to, Sir," he said. "You see, I've got an iron constitution, and water would rust it."—*Tit-Bits.*

M. LE BARON: I know ze lapin; I know ze pheasant; I know ze sparrow and ze fox—all good games for le sport. But what is ze rubbish? I know him not; I find him not in my dictionnaire.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB. By FERGUS HUME.

CHAPTER XXVI. *(concluded.)*

THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS.

"YOU certainly would have blackmailed Dr. Darton, and had not the courage to come to him yourself with those papers."

"Yes, the papers!" cried Mendle furiously. "Parley stole those and blackmailed me with them."

"I did not," denied Parley sharply. "I hunted for those papers, which you were foolish enough to keep, and when I found them, behind your safe, I went to Miss Belinda, saying that Dr. Darton could have them for five hundred pounds. I intended to take that and go away to America, so that I might leave the income Mr. Mendle was to pay Ellen intact."

There was a silence for a moment, and the lawyer tried to open a drawer in his desk. Embers pounced upon him. "I believe that he has got a pistol in there," he said.

"He has got poison!" cried Parley. "He told me that he would never be taken alive."

"Well, then, he has been," said Sir Samuel coolly. "Come away from that desk, you hound!"—he dragged the little man to his feet by the scruff of his neck—"I'm going to take you, in the very cab in which you killed Arthur, to the police-station."

Mendle's nerve gave way at this, and he dropped on his knees, like the white-livered coward that he was. "No! no!" he implored, putting up beseeching hands, and whimpering like a trapped animal. "I'll give you a cheque for two thousand pounds to let me go. Dear Embers, oh! don't be hard. I daren't face—I daren't go to—to—Oh! oh!" He broke down completely and began to weep.

Embers, still holding on, shook him as a terrier does a rat. "Do you confess that you killed Arthur?" he demanded.

Mendle gathered himself for a spring, and, rising to his full height, wrenched himself away from the baronet. The next moment and he was standing against the far wall—Mrs. O'Toole had swept Paddy out of the way with a howl—spitting like a cat. "I confess nothing," he snarled venomously; "you can prove nothing."

"You forget your confession," said Parley triumphantly.

"Is it written down?" asked Lady Cobbin swiftly.

"Yes. After I found the papers, and made up my mind to go to the States with the money I hoped to get from Dr. Darton, I made Mr. Mendle write out and sign a confession of his crime, so that I might hold it if he played false with my darling Ellen's income. He did what I wanted after some fight, and I have carried it on me day and night."

"Had I known that," snapped Mendle with an ugly look, "you would have joined Arthur. As it is"—he sprang forward again, but Embers hurled him back, and he lost his nerve, to drop in a huddled heap near the window. In this way, sometimes fighting and sometimes whimpering, the little lawyer behaved. He was at the end of his tether, and knew well that the tether would soon encircle his neck.

He tried to preserve his calm, but when Parley handed a paper to Lady Cobbin—the confession which he knew he had signed—he gave way, and again dropped on to his knees. "I confess," he cried, grey with fright and trembling like a leaf.

"No need," said the inquiry agent, glancing at the signature to the closely written pages. "This will hang you."

"I won't be hanged—I won't. I wont. I'll kick and bite and scratch and howl!" shrieked Mendle, jumping up again. "I care nothing for the lot of you!" He snapped his fingers and grew defiant. "I did kill Arthur—yes, I did, and I am glad I killed him. He tried to murder me, the beast, the ingrate, the fiend in human form. He deliberately tried to murder me."

"Well," said Embers coolly, "you deliberately murdered him."

"You are a liar! I didn't. I can explain."

"Then do so," said Lady Cobbin, placing the confession in her pocket.

"Ah!" He turned on her with a snarl. "A fine inquiry agent you are! I bested you, as I bested others. I diddled you with a false story."

"Not entirely false," she answered composedly. "All you told me was true up to the part when you said that you left the cab at Shore Lane. You did not leave it: you remained within until Sir Samuel had gone."

"Yes, I did," retorted the lawyer defiantly; "but had I known that the boy"—he glared at Paddy, who again began to weep, being still ill—"that the beastly boy was behind, I should never have risked the crime. As it was, I acted upon the impulse of the moment. After Arthur had got rid of Embers, he intended to drive me down the lane and into the river."

"You did not know that then?"

"No. But I saw from the way in which he looked at me that he intended to harm me. And then he spoke of papers which would stop Belinda marrying Darton. I wanted them. Arthur pretended to be friendly, and said that he had come to take me home instead of Embers. But I mistrusted him. I remembered how he had tried to kill me before. When he was on the ground, after Embers went, looking to see if everything was right, I——"

"One moment," cried Lady Cobbin. "Did the cab really break down?"

"Not exactly," said Embers quickly. "Arthur was a bad driver, and there was something wrong underneath, but not sufficient to stop the cab. I put it right for him just before I went away, and told him to look before he started for Cade Lane. Indeed, I wanted him to start while I was there, but he refused."

"Yes!" snarled Mendle furiously. "Because he intended to stop and drive me down Shore Lane into the river. I learned that afterwards, when I took the blue envelope from his dead body. But I guessed beforehand that he had some scheme in his head to kill me. I saw death in his eyes and determined to save myself. When he stooped to look at the machinery under the cab, I sprang on him with the scarf, which I held ready. I had brought it accidentally from the office, as the night was so cold; but it came in useful. Arthur, not expecting my rush, was knocked down, and then could not struggle very much. Besides," added Mendle contemptuously, "he was always a weakling. He was quite easy to kill. Only when I saw him lying dead did I realise that I had saved myself from any further attempts being made on my life—and had lost five thousand a year. Oh, what a loss, what a loss! I felt both glad and sorry."

"What did you do then?"

"I resolved to drive the cab to the office and pretend that I had been within doors all the evening."

"That was unwise and dangerous."

"It was wisdom and safety," retorted the lawyer. "Who would think that a murderer would bring his victim to his own door-step? In the daring of the idea lay its safety. If I had reflected, I might have left the cab and the corpse where they were; but I thought out everything in a flash. I placed the corpse on the seat, and then, as I described Embers had done, I crouched between the legs of the corpse, and, with my foot on the clutch, drove the cab."

Lady Cobbin nodded. "I understand now. A little man like you could crouch easy as you say you did, and, wrapping the fur coat round you, could make two people pass as one in the gloom of the night. But it was difficult to think how a bigger man, like Sir Samuel——"

"Yes! Yes!" interrupted Mendle, restlessly and restlessly. "Well, that is all, the rest has been told by Parley. You want to know how I strangled Arthur?" he cried, gripping the ends of his black tie. "In this way."

With inconceivable swiftness he whipped off the strongly woven satin tie and had it round his throat. But before he could tighten it to a death-knot Parley had dragged down his hands.

"No," said the old clerk, "I want to see you on the scaffold!"

Mendle howled, and again strove to rush for his desk, where the poison lay that he kept in readiness against this moment. Mrs. O'Toole hurled him back from that hope, and then he dashed for the window, intending to throw himself through the glass into the court below. Sir Samuel gripped him, and meanwhile Lady Cobbin opened the door leading to the middle room. The two clerks, who had heard strange noises, entered alive with curiosity, and saw their master, the respectable Mr. Mendle, struggling like a lunatic.

"Get a policeman!" said Lady Cobbin.

"No! No! No!" shouted the lawyer. "I won't be arrested. I won't."

"You'll come with me to the cab and go straight to the police-office, you brute," said Embers between his teeth; and, together with Parley, dragged Mendle into the passage. In his fury Sir Samuel quite forgot that his ankle was sprained. Already Lady Cobbin had gone out to tell the chauffeur to get the cab ready to start, and as the lawyer was pulled down the steps of his office the machine was beginning to hum loudly. The chauffeur slipped on to his seat, and laid his hands on the steering-wheel; while Embers, the two clerks, and Parley tried to force the shouting, struggling, cursing criminal into the open door of the vehicle. Already people were running down to see what was the matter. Mendle, with the strength of ten men, managed to twist himself free of the many hands outstretched to hold him, and bolted up the middle of the lane towards Cheapside. At once the chauffeur started the machine and gave chase. The cab sprang forward with a whir, and Mendle ran ahead with a livid face, whirling his arms. Those people in the narrow lane jumped on to the side walks to prevent themselves being run over by the cab. But at the far end of the lane appeared two policemen, and many people attracted by the shouts. Mendle saw that he would be stopped. Behind was the cab, before him the outstretched arms of the law. He suddenly turned, and flung himself deliberately before the motor-cab. It was impossible to put on the brake or to stop the machine, and the cab passed over the squirming, writhing body of the man. When Embers and Lady Cobbin panted up to the scene of the death, a blood-stained, huddled mass of clothing was being dragged from under the cruel wheels. But the presence of the two seemed to bring back Mendle to life.

He opened his eyes, and smiled triumphantly. "I've done you!" he gasped brokenly, and died still smiling.

And in this way was the justice of the gods executed on the man. The very cab in which he had driven the dead body of his victim was driven over his prostrate form, and with terrible pain and agony he passed to his own place, wherever that might be. When the police came and learned all, when Mendle's body was carried away, Sir Samuel Embers did a strange thing. Making his friend the chauffeur alight, he stepped into the driving-seat himself. Then, without a word of explanation, he drove into Cheapside, and took his way towards Shore Lane. Down the incline he drove the fatal cab, and drove it also on to the wharf between the piles of deal boxes. Lightermen and sailors and City clerks stared at him and his cab in amazement. At the very verge of the wharf, Sir Samuel stopped and got out. Then he touched a lever again, and the next moment the motor-cab dashed into the river, to disappear for ever.

"Why did you do that?" asked the Coroner, when Embers appeared at the inquest held on the body of the lawyer.

"The cab was connected with the death of two people," said the baronet bluntly. "I did not wish to be the third; therefore I got rid of it. After what had happened, I could never have driven it again."

. . . .

Three months later, Wilfred Darton and Belinda were married quietly and went to Jersey for their honeymoon. When they were driving to the station from the Clement Street house, Wilfred put his arms around his newly made wife and asked her if she was happy.

"Very, very happy," said Belinda, who looked bright and contented. "I think that all our troubles are over."

"I hope so," he replied; "but if they are not, at least we can share one another's burdens. But Mendle is dead and buried, and so is Arthur. You have your five thousand a year, and we are married. I certainly think that the trouble which began with the death of your brother is at an end, thank God!"

"I'm glad I have made Harriet comfortable," said Mrs. Darton thoughtfully. "Poor Harriet! She cried very much when she heard of Lewis's dreadful death."

"His dreadful suicide," said Darton sadly. "Poor man! He will have to pay for that as well as for the death of his victim. However, Harriet will forget him, I hope. He was not worthy of her, and she will be quite comfortable on the five hundred a year you have allowed her. I am also glad that Parley bolted to America. He behaved badly, but under great provocation. Had he stopped, he would have been imprisoned as being an accomplice after the fact."

"Ellen has joined him in the States," said Belinda. "I got a letter from her yesterday, and she thanked me for allowing her the five hundred a year. I could do no less, since she was Arthur's widow, and had such an unhappy married life with him. So you see, darling, that I have only four thousand a year left."

"I should love you if you had nothing," said her adoring husband.

"Has Paddy left that Reformatory?" asked Mrs. Darton, after a caress.

"No. He is being well looked after there. Mrs. O'Toole has disappeared, as she would have got into trouble also. But Paddy is a clever little animal. He certainly managed to diddle the doctors wonderfully. Fancy his remembering all the time, and being so clever as to pretend a loss of memory! However, he is now well on the road to get the wickedness knocked out of him, so all is right with him."

"And Sir Samuel Embers?——"

"He has left off driving cabs. Having got rid of the famous one, he never bought another. He also has gone to the States, in the hope of picking up an heiress."

"And Lady Cobbin?"

Darton took Belinda's hands and looked into her eyes. "You are not jealous of Lady Cobbin, darling?"

"No, no! How could you think so?——"

"Well, I fancied——"

Belinda placed her gloved hand over his mouth. "Think nothing," she said earnestly, "and say nothing. Lady Cobbin and I are the best of friends. She intended to leave the inquiry agent business, and start as a lecturer on various subjects. She told me how she loved you, and how you were true to me. Lady Cobbin will always be our friend."

"And not Milady?"

"Milady has gone out of our lives along with Ellen and her father and Arthur and Lewis, and perhaps Harriet. You and I are together; I don't think anything else matters much."

"No," said Darton, kissing her, "I don't think it does, especially as we will be quite alone in our two years' trip round the world. I shall dwell in Arcadia for that time, and then return to work hard at my profession. I don't want to live on my wife."

"So long as you live *for* your wife," said Belinda, "that is all right. But one thing I should like to ask you, Wilfred. Why did Lewis kill Arthur? I can't understand exactly."

Darton paused. "Mendle was a man under the influence of terrible fears both real and unreal. Fear is the most cruel and the most daring of all the emotions. A braver man would not have had the courage to commit a murder, or to commit suicide. But fear drove Mendle to extremities. We must judge him leniently, Belinda, for wickedly as the man behaved, he has been punished. All his life, my dear, that miserable creature lived in an agony of terror. Preferring death to suspense, he killed himself, as, formerly, to do away with the suspense, he murdered your brother. It is a strange case, and quite out of the common. But there"—Wilfred kissed her—"we shall soon be at the station, and on our way to peace and happiness. Let us talk no more of the terrible past."

"I shall never be able to look again at a motor-cab without shuddering," said Belinda sighing.

"Then look at me instead, my dearest, and smile."

Belinda thought that this was good advice, and did.

THE END.

THE BISHOP AND THE BROKERS.

Photo. Topical.

America has added another man, in the person of Dr. Winnington Ingram, to its idols, for it is stated that the Bishop of London now ranks in popularity with "Teddy" Roosevelt and Sir Thomas Lipton. Much of this is due to Dr. Ingram's cheery manner and his readiness to submit himself to those copy-seeking American reporters. It is said that he greeted them on his arrival with: "Well, boys, what can I do for you?" Our photograph is an excellent one of the Bishop addressing a crowd of stockbrokers and financiers in Wall Street, the great stock-gambling centre of America.

THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

Nov. 2 to 8.—With the ground in such a wet and sticky state, things are getting somewhat slow in the garden again, though there are still many little jobs that will take up bright intervals in the weather. The present is an excellent time to commence pruning fruit-trees, for the wood ought to be well-ripened by now. Standard trees should be pruned first, and the espaliers last, and in this advice to prune I do not include peaches, which should be left a little longer for the wood to mature. The smaller fruits—gooseberries, currants, and raspberries—may well be pruned, also, and, speaking generally, the object in pruning should be to cut away all rank growth, and to admit light and air to the healthiest wood by removing the weakest. A few days ago I was chatting about raspberries to a gardener who has had ten years' experience in the United States; he was telling me that out there this fruit is far larger and better than ours, and the method is to only grow two stems on one stool, and to let them grow to their full length, not necessarily upwards, but along wires. Our method, of course, is to grow half-a-dozen or more canes to the stool, and to "top" them off. I cannot vouch for the American plan from personal experience, but I am certainly going to experiment with it on a few roots of raspberries. I commenced a few days ago digging Jerusalem artichokes, and find the tubers large and well-formed.

My Garden Plans.

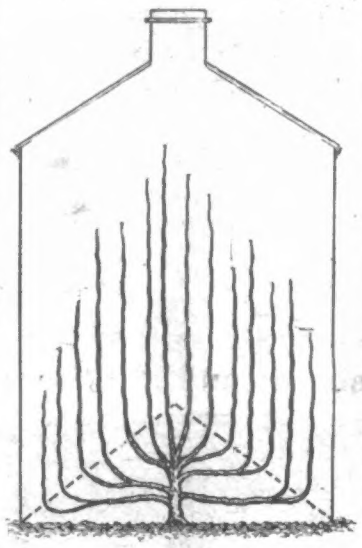
I do not advise digging this crop all at once, and find it far better to take up sufficient tubers for a week's supply only at a time. The artichokes, in fact, seem better for remaining in the ground. I wonder if you have ever tried rhubarb for forcing, in your greenhouse? I am just lifting a root or two and planting it in an obscure corner of my small house. By this means a very early crop can be ensured.

Which is the better tool for autumn digging—the spade or the fork? The object of tilling the soil at this time of year is to throw it up in great rough clods, so that it may "weather" and be purified and broken up by the frost and winter winds. Of course, working with a fork is not such a toil as with a spade, and manure may be dug in better with the former implement. On the other hand, the spade seems to do the work more thoroughly, and the spit of a spade is better than that of a fork. Anyway, it is a moot point which is the better, and I should like some of my most enthusiastic readers to express their views regarding the matter; indeed, I will throw open this column to a discussion on the question. In writing, please address all letters or postcards to me personally.

Spade or Fork?

The really keen amateur gardener likes to grow something of everything, to have as many specimens of plant life as possible in his garden, and I should like to see more enthusiasm still shown on this point. The present is an excellent time to plant many of the old favourites, or, at all events, to go well into the question, with the aid of a good nurseryman's catalogue. For example, how few gardens, comparatively speaking, can show examples of the old-fashioned rosemary. "Where the rosemary thrives the missus is master" is a saying even now in the country; but the rosemary is a delightful herb that will do almost anywhere. Then there is lavender, another neglected plant; rose of Sharon, once so common, is almost forgotten, except in the old-world cottage-garden. The many kinds of berberis are other examples, and broom is seldom seen nowadays. Syringa, so easily propagated from cuttings, is by no means common, nor is the sweet, homely jessamine. These are just a few types that are set aside in favour of newer varieties of plant-life; but, after all, can any modern suburban garden, with all its trimness, touch the old cottager's plot? If more of the older favourites were cultivated, there would be fewer dull-looking gardens at this time of year.

Something of Everything.



WHY NOT GROW FRUIT ON THE SIDE OR END OF YOUR HOUSE?

The above diagram shows the "upright and horizontal system" of training apples, pears, and plums for this purpose, and maiden trees so trained may be purchased very cheaply from a nurseryman.

Another of those capital penny handbooks, issued by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, has just been published under the title, "Onions," and I find it full of most interesting and instructive notes. Certainly there is no vegetable that gives a better return for careful cultivation, and no more suitable time than the present could be selected for preparing next season's onion bed by deep digging and liberal manuring. Writing on this subject, the author of the handbook in question (Mr. Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.), says: "The cultivator should prepare the ground on which onions are to be grown in the most thorough manner that is possible, so as to ensure the heaviest crop being produced each season. It cannot be said of these bulbs that, like so many other kinds of vegetables, they demand a fresh position in the garden every year, but at the same time it is advisable to provide this change when feasible, as, though gross feeders, they will leave sufficient food in the soil to bring a crop of less hungry plants to perfection. Generous manuring and perfect working will, however, so much improve the ground that the bulbs will increase in weight each season, at least, up to a certain point. On the medium-to-strong land [that is, the average garden soil. A. C. M.] it is almost if not quite essential to success that the main part of the soil preparation shall be done in the autumn." I should advise all *P.I.P.* kitchen gardeners to invest a humble penny in a copy of "Onions."

Onions.

At this time of year, particularly when the runs are sodden, soft eggs are quite common, and there is nothing more annoying to the amateur fancier, who finds, no doubt, that his supply of eggs is none too plentiful. The cause is the lack of sufficient shell forming material, and this should be provided without delay. Specially prepared "grits" are obtainable from all dealers in poultry requisites; but some old mortar rubbish, crushed or, better still, some oyster shells that have been well broken with a hammer, serve the purpose quite as well. Fanciers with small suburban runs, where their birds are kept in close captivity, often overlook this matter of shell-forming material.

Soft Eggs.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

NORMAN W——.—(1) Yes. (2) Certainly, geese should always be fasted the day before killing.

A. C. K. (Walworth).—Make the edging with crocus, either in mixed colours or separate ones. The large yellow crocus is the most expensive as a rule, but you would get excellent mixed bulbs now at a shilling a hundred.

H. WUSHER.—Certainly, a "snowball" tree would do well in the situation you describe. Order it by the name "Guelder Rose." I bought an excellent specimen for a shilling only last week.

MRS. WATTS.—Hollyhocks, lupins, pæonies, primroses, and polyanthus may all be planted now, and if so planted would be well established for a good start in the spring.

ORPINGTON.—I cannot agree with your friends' comments. You have quite as good a chance at a show as any other fancier. The birds you intend for show purposes ought to be kept in special pens or runs, of course, and it will pay you to get them as tame as possible.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

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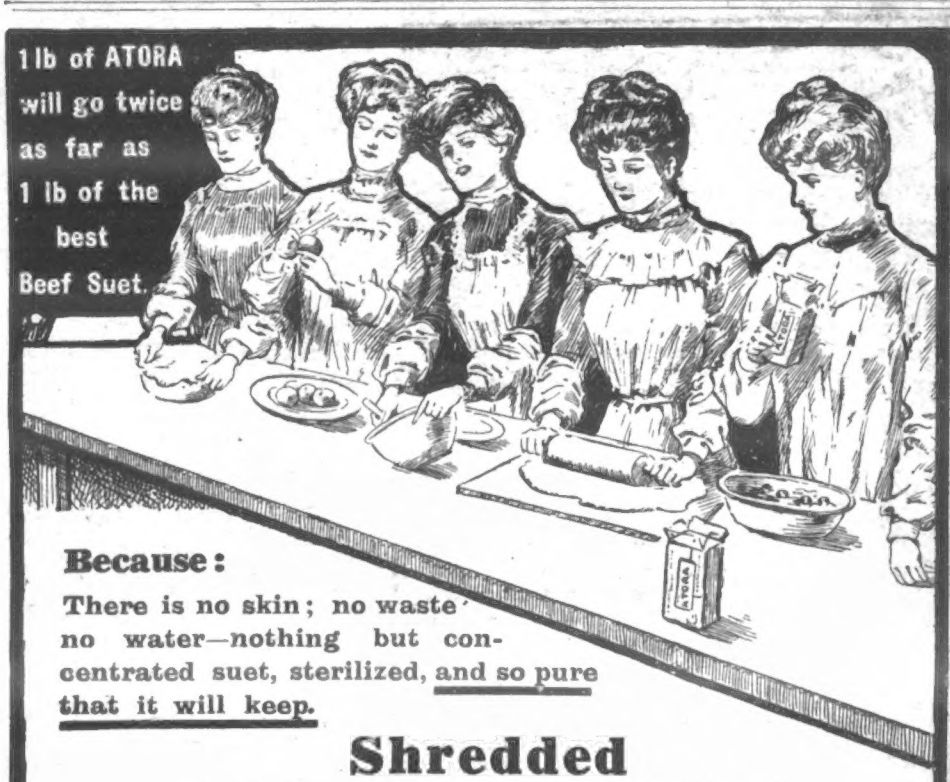
172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



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The Childrens Corner

MAN IN THE . . MOON. . .

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

"STUFF!" exclaimed Billy Bunch scornfully. "There's no more a Man in the Moon that there is in that broken old gate," and he swung his satchel over his shoulder with a jerk of impatience.

"Man in the Moon," mocked four other boys, pointing a finger of ridicule at little Jeff, as he stood gazing up at the evening sky.

Jeff felt a bit hurt at their mocking words, but, for all that, nobody could ever make him believe that the friendly round face that smiled down at him every evening from the dark, smooth skies was all his imagination.

The boys all trooped together down the lane until they came in sight of Jeff's house, and when he had disappeared through the little green gate they all burst into a fit of laughter.

"He's been filling his head with fairy-tales," said Billy, his brown, plump face wrinkled into an elfish grin, "and if he doesn't look out the Man in the Moon will come and fetch him, and that 'll be the end of dreamy Jeff," and the others all joined him in his hearty laugh.

Meanwhile, Jeff was trotting thoughtfully up to bed, and directly he reached his little room he ran over to the window and peeped up through the curtain at the starlit sky, while, just gleaming faintly through a dark grey cloud, he could see the Moon coming towards him.

There was his face, as plain and distinct as though he were standing right in front of him. And as Jeff drew back the curtain and watched the moon sailing gracefully through the billowy clouds a smile of delight crept into his eyes, and his heart beat with joy. Let the boys poke fun as much as they liked, but there was the Man in the Moon, more smiling and friendly than ever, tumbling through the skies and shedding his pale, silvery beam over the shrubs and plants in the garden. Then Jeff undressed and jumped into bed.

As he lay there watching the moonshine on the opposite wall a strange thought leapt into his head. What was the Moon doing all day long, before it was time for him to peep down over the world?

"I wonder?" he said quite aloud; and then he laughed at his fancy, and he felt half ashamed when he thought of what his school friends would have said if they had heard him.

"You wonder—well, and what do you wonder, little friend," asked a pleasant, cheery voice at his elbow; and jumping up in bed with a start of surprise, Jeff beheld the most irresistibly comical little figure he had ever clapped eyes on. Quite short was his visitor, with a big, plump face which was as round as a Dutch cheese.

"Oh—oh, it's the Man in—in the Moon," exclaimed Jeff, with a look of delight as he threw out both his hands in welcome.

"Yes, it's me," replied his companion, throwing back his head, and drawing himself up to his full height, which was by no means great.

"Fancy," cried Jeff, with round eyes of wonder. "Just fancy: and I was wondering about you—I was trying to think what you do all day long."

"Well, it's very kind of you to think about me," answered the merry, comical little Man, "maybe you 'd like to come to my tea-party, it starts in half-an-hour. I've invited Red Riding Hood, and Little Tommy Tucker (by the way, what an enormous appetite that boy has), and Cinderella—I can promise you lots of fun."

"Oh, I 'd simply love it!" cried Jeff with sparkling eyes, as he leaned eagerly towards his friend.

"Well, come along at once, else we shall be late—and, of course, that would never do, as I've got to receive them all," answered the Man in the Moon, swelling with importance. "Now, don't be frightened, for you 've got to take one great leap from the window-sill up to my palace in the sky; just catch hold of my hand, and close your eyes tight, and—and—jump! Now," he said, smiling down with a comical wink at Jeff, "take my hand so—here we are on the window-sill—now close your eyes tight—JUMP," he cried, and up they both went to his lovely palace, and when Jeff opened his eyes with a gasp of relief after the huge jump, he found himself in the most delightful place he had ever dreamt of. The Palace was pure white marble, with thousands and thousands of tiny glistening lights peeping from everywhere, just like diamonds.

"Oh, isn't it splen-did!" cried Jeff, with a smile of enchantment.

"Wait till the guests arrive; then it 'll be splendider!" replied the Man in the Moon, who was far too excited to bother about grammar.

"Poppett!" he cried, in a shrill voice, "Popp—ett! Popp—ett! Come here, you lazy good-for-nothing!" And then a funny, long, thin man appeared, dressed as a butler.

"Jeff," said the Man in the Moon gravely, "this is Poppett—Poppett, this is Jeff"; and then the long, thin man bowed so low that Jeff could hardly suppress a scream of fright, for he thought Poppett was going to bow himself in half.

"Now," said his host briskly, "show them all into the banqueting-hall when they arrive, Poppett; and—and—oh, my gracious goodness alive, there they are!" he exclaimed, as there rang through the Palace a peal of bells, and the Man in the Moon got so excited that he began to caper and waltz around the room, throwing his arm around Jeff. And they both danced till a sweet, childish voice exclaimed—

"Here I am—and won't you kiss me, dear old Man in the Moon?" And they both looked up to see Little Red Riding Hood smiling down upon them.

"Oh, my dear, I'm *delighted* to see you!" cried the host, with a radiant smile. Then he gave Red Riding Hood a big, warm hug, and kissed her till she pushed him away.

"There," she said, laughing, "now introduce me to your little friend," and, when Jeff came up shyly and took her tiny pink hand, her sweet little face reminded him of a tiny rosebud.

Then came a patter of feet down the hall, and about a dozen people came in. First of all, Cinderella, with her Prince, looking like a fairy princess; then Tommy Tucker, with a big card pinned on the front of his coat, "I want my supper—I'm dying for my supper"; then Old Mother Hubbard and her dear little dog; and Little Jack Horner, with his round, pink thumb which had fished out the plum—and ever so many others.

"Here we are—here we all are together," cried the Man in the Moon, beaming with delight. "Now I propose we go and have some supper—what do you say, Tommy Tucker?" he cried, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he pinched Tommy's fat, red cheek.

AND UP THEY BOTH WENT TO THE SPLENDID PALACE OF THE COMICAL LITTLE MAN IN THE MOON.

Then they followed Poppett into a lovely, long dining-hall, where the tables were spread with every delicacy you could think of, and they all set to and disposed of them with the rapidity of an automatic machine.

"Now come into the music-room and we 'll have some music," said the Man in the Moon, looking rounder and more grinning than ever.

"Come here, Jeff, and sit on my lap," said Cinderella, as Little Red Riding Hood went to the piano, while the Man in the Moon sang a wonderful song about the sky.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Jeff?" whispered Cinderella, as she imprinted a soft kiss on his cheek.

"I've never seen anything so lovely in my life," answered Jeff, as Poppett and Old Mother Hubbard waltzed in and out the palms for the amusement of the guests.

"Now, it's getting late, my good people," cried the Man in the Moon, "and I propose a general dance before we say good-night." Then they all jumped up and chose partners.

"Come, dear little Jeff, you will be my partner," cried Cinderella, putting her arm around Jeff and gliding lightly over the smooth, polished boards. Oh! It was all so wonderful and lovely that Jeff felt it must very soon vanish. There went the Man in the Moon, round and round with Little Red Riding Hood—backwards and forwards, as lightly as a moonbeam.

"Oh my!" suddenly cried Poppett, "it's nearly morning, and if we don't stop dancing the Palace will vanish, and we 'll all be thrown upon the sky, homeless," and his face was so comical in its distress that everyone burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"I must go at once," cried Cinderella, stooping to fasten her glass slipper. "Good-bye, Jeff—dear, little brown Jeff," she said, taking him right up into her arms so that he could feel her soft golden hair laying across his face. And he felt so happy that he wished he might stop there for ever; but the next minute was all so muddled and hasty that he could never remember what happened afterwards

"Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye," shouted everybody together, and as Jeff opened his mouth and tried to reply, he felt himself fall right down—down—into somewhere with a great big bump—and as he put out his hands to save himself, he grasped hold of the blankets, and awoke with a start and a little warm pink flush on his cheek where Cinderella had kissed him.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by Ellice Beere.

FEATHER boas and muffs always look very dressy with a smart costume. A cock feather boa in natural green, with muff to match, can be obtained for a guinea each. It makes a very picturesque set, and should prove eminently becoming to a tall, slight figure and youthful face. There are certain styles in dress which seem to enhance particular types, and which need to be religiously eschewed by others. Cock feather boas certainly come under this heading, but, when worn by the right woman, there is something peculiarly fascinating about a boa of this description.

A Substitute for Fur.

When the subject of house-decoration is under consideration, it may be noted that yellow is one of the best colours for a room. A yellow drawing-room is delightful, and will harmonise with any other shade, such as mauve, blue, or green. A yellow paper is also a good colour to choose when the furniture and carpet are somewhat old and faded. It does not show up their weak points so strongly as a blue or a pink paper might do. There are many little points in house-furnishing wisely and well which are only learnt by bitter experience. To the amateur and the novice in such matters the three moves, which proverbially are as bad as a fire, are not without certain compensation in the matter of wall-papers and paint. At each exodus she profits by her mistakes, and by degrees gets the right scheme of colouring for each room. Of course, where everything is new this is a comparatively easy matter for any woman with an average amount of taste. It is where there is old and miscellaneous furniture and draperies to be worked in that the real test of ingenuity in the choice of wall-papers comes in. When money is being laid out in any direction, however, some of it is well spent on the nursery, more especially in the matter of

New Papers and Old Furniture.

DAINTY GOWNS FOR DAINTY GIRLS.

On this page we give two simple and pretty gowns which are admirably suited for girls from sixteen to eighteen years of age. The costume on the left is of powder-blue faced cloth, with a centre panel in the skirt, draped sleeves, and trimmings of chiffon velveteen of a slightly darker shade, and chenille embroideries to match on the pinafore bodice, which opens over a blouse of soft spotted lawn in cream colour, with a frilled collar-band of cream lace. The wide-brimmed hat is of blue felt trimmed with soft folds of chiffon velvet and shaded blue birds. This smart suit would look equally well in various other colours, such as the new forest-green, trimmed with black, for a girl with a clear complexion and plenty of colour in her cheeks, or in iris-purple, for a very fair girl with flaxen hair. The picturesque model on the right is as practical as it is pretty, and it can be made suitable for various occasions by a judicious choice of material; for instance, in navy blue serge with black silk braid it would make a smart morning gown, with a blue felt hat trimmed with black cock feathers, and for a rather more dressy occasion a faced cloth in any of the new shades, such as fuchsia or cinnamon, with fancy braid to match, would be appropriate. For afternoon calls, chiffon or fine corduroy velveteen, or a fancy striped velvet, would make a charming and effective gown in any colour that may be becoming to the wearer, with a velvet hat to match, trimmed with plumes, and an extra touch of elegance might be given with trimmings of pretty but cheap lace and long suede gloves of the same becoming tint. This model would also be successful in cream Irish tweed, with glossy silk braiding to match, and a pleasing contrast could be produced with a pleated skirt of silk, and a braided coat of cloth or velveteen, or the skirt might be made of soft cloth, and the coat of corduroy velveteen, or rich dull silk.

floor-covering. A carpet is out of place in such a room; linoleum, or better still, cork carpet is the ideal wear.

Baby's Food.

When baby does not thrive it is usually the result of unsuitable food or improper feeding. Before jumping to the conclusion that the child has any delicacy of constitution it is well to consider a few points, and arrive at a satisfactory answer to a few questions: Does the child get enough to eat or is he being over-fed? When this knotty problem has been solved, and the right amount determined on, which can only be found out by experimenting with various quantities, it will be time enough to consider whether the food suits the infant, since no baby can succeed in thriving on any food of which it has too much or too little. Mothers are warned of the ill effects of over-feeding, but the subject of under-feeding is scarcely touched upon, and with the fear of over-feeding impressed on her a mother will often, with the best intentions, not give her child enough. Now, when it is a question of over-feeding, Nature is very kind and arranges that the child shall reject whatever quantity he has taken over and above that which is required. When this is constantly happening a mother can very soon tell, and should reduce the amount given. But when a child is not receiving sufficient nourishment in either quantity or quality, the symptoms can very often be confused. When a child starts screaming shortly after its food, it is very often concluded that indigestion is the trouble. As a matter of fact, half the time the child is only, like Oliver Twist, asking for more. Therefore, before changing a baby's food, which is a serious matter, it is well to be first perfectly certain whether he is getting the right quantity to agree with him.

A Cat May Laugh at a King—and Women.

Wild and weird are some of the hats which Fashion has decreed shall do duty as our head-gear during November mists, December frosts, and January thaws. One would have thought it needed something more than feminine courage to don the extraordinary erections which the majority of milliners have contrived. But women, it has been observed, are quite impervious to ridicule. Not so, children, animals, and men, who hate to be laughed at. Women, however, never seem to be haunted by the fear of appearing ridiculous, and remain quite unruffled by derision. Therefore, Dame Fashion, whatever her vagaries, is never laughed out of countenance, and doubtless we shall continue to see these exaggerated styles in headgear gain ground. At present, enormous bunches of waving plumes and feathers trim many hats, which have brims larger at the back than in front, and comparatively low crowns. Much more artistic are the high-crowned hats with mushroom brims, trimmed with a wreath of ribbon loops and cluster of flowers at one side.

A Lace Waterfall.

A waterfall plastron gives an exceptionally smart finish to an out-door costume. Ready-made ones of fine lawn edged with Valenciennes lace can be bought for 2s. 11d., but they can also be easily and more cheaply manufactured at home, utilising either a yard or two of wide lace or a short length of chiffon, net or muslin edged with narrow lace or fringe. A piece of wide tape is required, or a strip of material about an inch wide. On to this the lace must be gathered with the fulness more to the top than the bottom. It will then hang in waterfall fashion of itself.

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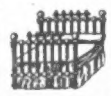

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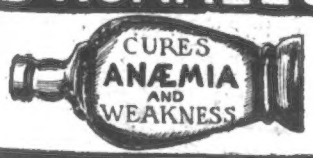

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